

LAMMERT BROS.

AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS
AND SURVEYORS.

Public Auctions

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction,

TUESDAY, December 13, 1921,
commencing at 2.45 p.m.

at "Marguerite" No. 1 Carnarvon

Road, Kowloon.

A Quantity of
Valuable Household Furniture,
Comprising—Teak sideboard with bevelled mirror,
Glass cabinet, Extension Dining Table,
Leather covered dining chairs, Music
stand, Curtains, Brasses, Ornaments,
etc.Brass and Teak bedsteads, Dressing
tables, Occasional tables, Screens, Pictures,
Cupboards and Rugs,(most of the above furniture is practi-
cally new and made by Messrs. Powells
& Lane, Crawford & Co.)

Also

One Baby Grand Piano by "Collard
& Collard"One IX Victrola in splendid condition
with record cabinet and Records.On view from Monday, the 12th inst.
Catalogues will be issued.

TERMS—Cash on delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.,
Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

PARTICULARS and CONDITION
OF SALE
ofThe Steamship,
"KONG CHOW"(formerly S. S. "KWONG TAI")
as she now lies off Samshuipo in the
Harbour of Hongkong together with her
gear, and appurtenances.To be sold by
ORDER OF THE MORTGAGEE
by

PUBLIC AUCTION

on

FRIDAY,

the 16th day of December, 1921,
at 3 o'clock p.m.

IN ONE LOT

by

Messrs. LAMMERT BROTHERS,
Auctioneers.

at their Auction Rooms, Duddell Street.

Steamship "KONG CHOW"

The Ship is a Chinese ship registered
at Canton and of a net tonnage of 370.

Her dimensions are:

Length ... 113.8 ft.
Breadth ... 28.45 ft.
Depth ... 9.55 ft.

For further particulars apply to

F. E. NASH Esq.

Ventriloquist,

10, Queen's Road Central,

or

LAMMERT BROS.,

Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

Peels Off Corns
Between ToesThe Great Corn Loosener of the Age.
Never Fails. Painless.A corn machine, concocted and
constructed for the sole purpose of
removing "Gots-It" in a houdi—a won-
derful painless formula—it has never
been succeeded in removing the corns and
dries immediately.Instead of digging out the
corn, you pull it out, pull it
out, pull it out, pull it out, that does
not remain in position, no save that
irritates or rubs off. You reach the
corn easily with your fingers and
every "Gots-It" bottleIt does not hurt the true flesh. Try
it, walk comfortably and smile! It
is safe, comfortable and painless!It is the guaranteed, money
back corn-remover, the only sure
way, costs but little at all chemists
M. & J. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Two drops of "Gots-It"—That's All!

you can try the sensible, peaceful,
painless, easy way and use "Gots-It".

It is easy for you with "Gots-It",

it is difficult to reach "Gots-It" in a houdi—a won-
derful painless formula—it has never
been succeeded in removing the corns and
dries immediately.Instead of digging out the
corn, you pull it out, pull it
out, pull it out, pull it out, that does
not remain in position, no save that
irritates or rubs off. You reach the
corn easily with your fingers and
every "Gots-It" bottleIt does not hurt the true flesh. Try
it, walk comfortably and smile! It
is safe, comfortable and painless!It is the guaranteed, money
back corn-remover, the only sure
way, costs but little at all chemists
M. & J. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Sole Distributors

MULLER-PHIPS
& HODGES, Ltd.

38 Kiangsui Road,

SHANGHAI

FREE

PARTICULARS for the treatment of
obstinate skin diseases. Patchos,
Periostitis, Osteo, Plies, Osteo, Histostis,
Insanity, Cutaneo, Gingivoma, etc., can
be obtained, on writing full details
of the disease clearly to:"SRI" WORKS, Beacon Square,
(C. M.) Calcutta, (India)

INTIMATIONS

ELECTRIC MOTORS

ELECTRIC VACUUM
CLEANERS

"NIFISK"

COMPLETE ELECTRIC
GENERATING PLANTS

with STORAGE Batteries

delivery from Stock.

Danish Chinese Commercial
Company, Ltd.

1a, Chater Road.

Just Received.

Latest Editions of

POSTAGE STAMP
CATALOGUES

from

Scotts at ... \$3.30

Yvert et Tellier at \$3.00

GRACA & CO.,

Dealers in Postage Stamps, Toys,

Garden Seeds, Pictorial Post Cards, &c.

No. 10, Wyndham Street,

P. O. Box 620. Hongkong

MASSAGE.

Mrs. HONDA and Mrs. KISAKI

14 years' experience.

No. 24, Wyndham Street,

(opposite to the "China Mail")

JAPANESE MAKERS.

Every kind of Footwear.

MADE TO ORDER.

BY APPOINTMENT

CHURCH NOTES

Dr. J. Collis Browne's
Chlorodyne

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

Also find A CHART is
Chocks and Anchors

DIARRHOEA, and is the only

Specific in CHOLERA and

DYSENTERY.

The only Palliative in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

Relieves pain of whatever kind; creates a calm refreshing sleep; allays irritation

of the nervous system when all other remedies fail; leaves no bad effects;

and can be taken when no other medicine can be tolerated.

CONVINCING MEDICAL TESTIMONY WITH EACH BOTTLE.

None Genuine without the words Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne on the Stamp.

Sold by all Chemists.

Prices in England, 1/1, 2/8, 4/6.

Sole Manufacturers:

J. T. DAVENPORT, Ltd., London, S.E.

Agents for Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne.

NOTHING FINER—BOTTLED or CANNED.

The first requisites with CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Delicacies are Quality, Purity and Freshness.

30 Varieties of SOUPS, 15 Varieties of POTTED MEATS.

OXFORD SAUSAGES, OATMEAL, OILS, VINEGAR & TINNED FISH.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL Ltd.

Agents for Tea & Perrins Worcester Sauce

BY APPOINTMENT

HIMROD'S

Asthma
Cure

GIVES INSTANT RELIEF.

No matter what your respiratory organs may be affected.

No Cough or Ordinary Cough you will find in

GATAGUH OR ORDINARY COUGH you will find it simply unequalled.

FAMED FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the

Country. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

NOTICES.

G. FALCONER & CO., LTD.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

Hotel Mansions.

Agents for—ADMIRALTY CHARTS,

ROSS'S BINOCULARS and TELESCOPES,

KELVIN'S NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS,

BENSON'S ENGLISH WATCHES,

ENGLISH SILVERWARE, direct from Manufacturers,

High-Class English Jewellery.

EAST POINT GARAGE.

EWO STREET.

ON TRAMWAY ROUTE TO CAUSEWAY BAY.

The management beg to inform the public that the above new
and commodious Garage is now open for their inspection.

Cars may be garaged in separate lock-up stalls at \$15.00 per month.

Repairs of all kinds executed at reasonable rates with satisfaction
guaranteed.

TELEPHONE No. 3422.

DO YOU KNOW THAT YOUR OLD WINTER SUITS
CAN BE MADE NEW AT

KADER'S HOSPITAL FOR SICK CLOTHES?

THE HONGKONG DYEING & CLEANING CO.

(Contractors to H. M. Navy), 17, Yee Wo Street, East.

Just Telephone 2218, and Our Man will be right there.

KOON YICK

DEALER IN
Chilli Sauce, Tomato Sauce, Chilli Powder, Pepper, Sour Fruit,
Curry Powder, and any Powder, Spice, Etc.

HEAD OFFICE IN

No. 180, Des Voeux Road, Central, Hongkong.

Master TAM KIT SANG.

LONG HING & CO., PHOTO SUPPLIES,
DEVELOPING & PRINTING A SPECIALITY.

No. 17a, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL, HONGKONG.

HOTELS AND CAFES.

HONGKONG HOTEL
(Hongkong)REPULSE BAY HOTEL
(Repulse Bay)PENINSULA HOTEL
(Kowloon)

(projected)

HONGKONG HOTEL GARAGE

TOWN GARAGE & SHOW ROOMS
(Pedder Street)

REPULSE BAY GARAGE

THE PEAK HOTEL.

1,500 Feet above Sea Level.
15 Minutes from Landing Stage.

Under the Management of—

Mrs. BLAIR.

PALACE HOTEL KOWLOON

Recently renovated and refurbished, electric light and fans throughout
and entirely under new management. Cuisine under the personal supervision
of the proprietor. Bar and Billiard Room. Terms moderate. Special terms to
families on application to

Telephone K. 3. Telegraphic Add.: "PALACE."

J. H. OXBERRY, Proprietor.

HOTEL "ASIA"

WEST BUND, CANTON.

Leading Hotel in South China.

First class Accommodation. Electric Lights, Fans and
Elevators. Roof Garden. Hairdressing Saloon.

Splendid Views of City and Pearl River.

Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Rates.

Under the Management of the

SUN CO., LTD. CANTON.

Tel. 6037. THE NEW VICTORIA CAFE.

Hughes & Hough
AUCTIONEERS TO THE GOVERNMENT
AND ADMIRALTY.

Coal Contractors
General Brokers.

PUBLIC AUCTIONS

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction,
(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),

on **TUESDAY**,
December 13, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m. at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street,

Several Lots of
Valuable St. Lambert Glass
Ware, Venetian Coloured Electric
Lamps, Marble Statuettes, Fancy
Goods,

Also
a few pairs Special Blankets
and Rugs.

Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED).

on **TUESDAY**,
December 13, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m. at their Sales Rooms,
No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street.

TEAKWOOD AND BLACKWOOD
FURNITURE, BRASS AND TEAK-
WOOD TWIN BEDSTEADS,
CARPETS,

Comprising:—
Dining Suites, Chesterfield Sofas,
Arm-chairs (new), Card and Occasional
Tables, Teakwood Twin Bedsteads,
large and small Wardrobes, Dressing
Tables and Chairs, Washstands, &c.,
(fitted Teakwood), Sideboards, Dinner
Wagons, Dinner Services, Crockery, &
Glass Ware, Cooking Stoves, Cutlery,
&c., Electro-plated Ware,

Electric Reading Lamps, Screens,
Sundry Blackwood Furniture, Chairs,
Cabinets, Pictures,

Also
One Baby Grand Piano by Broadwood.

(Full Particulars from Catalogue).

Terms:—Cash on delivery.

HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED).

on **THURSDAY**,

December 15, 1921, commencing at 11 a.m. at their Sales Rooms, No. 8,
Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street.

A quantity of Woollen Suit
Lengths, Tweed, & wntow
Drawn-work
and
Embroidered Sundries.

Terms:—Cash on delivery.

HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 7, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED).

on **SATURDAY**,

December 17, 1921, at 10.30 a.m. & 2.30 p.m. at their Sales Rooms, No. 8,
Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street,—

TOYS FOR XMAS GIFTS

Also
Large quantity Xmas Crackers
Sundries, Wine and Liqueurs.

On view afternoon before date of Sale.

Terms:—Cash on delivery.

HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 8, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED).

on **OPPORTUNITY**

SWEETS, SWEETS
& SWEETS.

We have received Notice from the

Landlord to vacate from our

premises, The Old Post Office

Buildings, on the 13th instant, and

we offer all sorts of goods in stock

to our Customers for cash sale at

the lowest prices as follows:—

Chocolate:—

Original Price \$1.20 per lb.

Now only 80 cts., "

Carr & Co. Biscuit:—

Original Price \$2.00 per tin

Now only \$1.40 "

Sweets:—

Original Price 40 cts. per lb.

Now only 25 cts., "

&c., &c., &c.

Customers should not miss this

opportunity to do their Xmas

Shopping.

BLUE BIRD CAFE,

On Office Post Building,

Hongkong.

PALACE MOTOR CO. Ltd.

Phone Central 444

Western Branch 3148

Kowloon Branch 8307

New Cars for Hire & for Sale.

Private Cars garaged.

Repairing Cars a Specialty.

**WANT
ADVERTISEMENTS**

25 WORDS 3 INSERTIONS,

\$1. PREPAID.

Every additional word 4 Cents
for 3 insertions.

WANTED.

WANTED:—ONE LARGE OFFICE
ROOM or TWO SMALL
ROOMS closely together in central
locality. Apply Box No. 80 regarding
rent and situation.

FOR SALE.

MOTOR LAUNCH—Fitted with large
Cabin, Lavatory, Pantry, etc.
Electric light throughout. Length 39'
6" Beam 8' 0" Draft 2' 6" Engine 32'
40 H.P. Redwing (kerosine) speed 9'
miles good sea boat, in first class con-
dition. Apply Box 1338, c/o "China
Mail".

PERSONAL.

RICHARD BEAUCHAMP is request-
ed to communicate with Messrs.
Thos. Cork & Son, Hongkong.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

G. R.
PUBLIC AUCTION.

PARTICULARS and Conditions of the
letting by Public Auction Sale, to
be held on **MONDAY**, the 13th day of
December, 1921, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of
the Public Works Department, by Order of
His Excellency the Governor of
two Lots of **CROWN LAND** at Shaukiwan,
in the Colony of Hongkong, for a term of
75 years, with the option of renewal at a
Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of
His Majesty the King, for one further term of
75 years.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale.	Registry No.	Locality.	Boundary Measurements.				General Description.	Annual Rent.	Uprate Rent.
			N.	S.	E.	W.			
Shaukiwan (Shaukiwan & Ic. & Ic. Ic.)			0.	0.	0.	0.	As per sale plan.	About 13,300	13,300
								12	24,750

For terms & prospectus, apply,

INTIMATIONS

MEMORIAL SERVICE

for the late
DR. G. P. JORDAN,
SUNDAY, December 11th, at 9.30 a.m.

St. STEPHEN'S CHURCH,

Pokfulam Road.

O. B. SHANN, M.A.

T. W. PEARCE, LL.B.

N. T. MACKINTOSH, M.A.

WONG YAN KWONG.

HONGKONG UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION.

**SHELL TRANSPORT & TRADING
CO., LTD.—DIVIDEND ON
ORDINARY SHARES.**

ACCORDING to telegraphic advices
received from London, The Shell
Transport & Trading Co., Ltd. have
declared an Interim Dividend of 2/- per
share, free of Tax, payable on the 5th
January, 1922, against Capital No. 38
For THE ASIATIC PETROLEUM
CO., LTD. (S. C. LTD.)
(Sgd.) N. L. WATSON,
Hongkong, December 8, 1921.

**LEAGUE OF FELLOWSHIP AND
SERVICE**

GENERAL MEETING of Mem-

bers will be held in the CITY
HALL, on **MONDAY**, the 12th Decem-
ber, 1921, at 5.15 p.m. for the purpose
of amending the Rules, if thought fit,
as follows:—

By amending Rule 2 so as to read as

follows:—
"2. The objects for which the League
is formed are:—

- To promote good fellowship and
peace between all Nations.
- To promote good fellowship with
in the Colony, irrespective of
race, class, and creed;
- To promote matters which shall
be of service to the Community."

By amending Rule 4 by the addition,
at the end thereof, of the words:—

"Any person may become a Life
Member by paying the sum of
fifty dollars."

and also for the purpose of electing
Officers and Committees for the ensuing
year, and discussing the future pro-
gramme of the League.

Hongkong, December 5, 1921.

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

(Corner of Bonham Road
and Western Street).

THE NEW YEAR SCHOOL YEAR
commences on January 4th.

Examination of New Students on
January 3rd, at 9.30 A.M.

For terms & prospectus, apply,

THE WARDEN,

St. Stephen's College.

Hongkong, December 3, 1921.

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that
the HONGKONG DOLLAR
DIRECTORY has been acquired, as
from July 7th, 1921, by the undersigned
with all rights and titles, and will
hereafter be published by them. No
claims against the Hongkong Dollar
Directory incurred prior to this date
will be admitted by the undersigned.

**THE NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE
LTD.**

5, Wyndham Street.

Hongkong, July 7, 1921.

CHURCH NOTES.

(Continued from page 2.)

enough of their number to serve
abroad. He speaks especially of those
priests who have private incomes and
who settle down in comfortable Eng-
lish parishes where there is compara-
tively an abundance of clergy, and
do not go where there is real work to
be done in the large dioceses of
South Africa. There is much
truth in the bishop's complaint,
and perhaps the reason is that too
many of the clergy have private in-
comes; and these are the snare
which cause them to give way to the
temptation of leading an easy life at
home. It is a pity that all clergy are
not poor men, for then our bishops
would have more control in dividing
up their efforts so that the various
parts of the whole Church might
be served equally.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of
Salford devoted October 2nd, as a
special day of reparation for "the de-
plorable utterances of several learned
and influential dignitaries and other
ministers of the Anglican Church con-
cerning the Incarnation and Divinity
of Our Lord, His miracles, His Resur-
rection, the Virginity of His Blessed
Mother, and many others of the
fundamentals of Christianity." Mem-
bers of the Roman Communion must
not think they make this sacred pro-
test alone, for many of their anglican
brothers feel just as strongly con-
cerning the unhappy statements lately
made by those who should be stal-
warts of the Faith in England.

The cemetery gardeners who look
after the British graves in the Ypres
Salient are discharged British soldiers,
and this is just as we would have it
and as the fallen would have wished.
They have to lodge for the most part
in small estaminets with no home
comforts or means of occupying their
free hours. Thanks to the Church
Army, which has lent a hut, the gar-
deners have made a club where they
may all meet together, and many
walk for miles to enjoy the consola-
tion of the social intercourse thus
provided.

**HEALING
MADE EASY!**

When You Cut Yourself, Simply
Wash the Place, Apply Zam-Buk,
and Bandage Up. Nature and
ZAM-BUK WILL DO THE REST.

WINES AND SPIRITS
ASSORTED CASES FOR XMAS.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VALUE.

CASE No. 1 \$30.00
3 Bottles St. Estephe Claret
2 " Port, Full Bodied
2 " Vino de Pasto, Sherry
2 " Gin
1 " Superior Pale Brandy
1 " " E" Whisky
1 " Green Menthe, M. B. R.
CASE No. 2 \$35.00
1 Bottle St. Marceau Champagne
1 " St. Estephe Claret
1 " Vino de Pasto Sherry
1 " Superior Light Port
1 " Madeira, Siderman's
1 " Superior Old Cognac
1 " " E" Whisky
1 " No. 4 Whisky
CASE No. 3 \$40.00
1 Bottle St. Marceau Champagne
1 " Manzarella Sherry
1 " Superior Light Port
1 " Dry Gin
1 " " E" Old Brown Brandy
1 " " E" Whisky
1 " Dewar's White Label
1 " Whisky
1 " Green Menthe M. B. R.
1 " St. Julian Claret

The above prices include duty, which will be deducted for Export & Shipping orders. Special cases put up to order.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.
PHONE No. 616.Wm. Powell Ltd.
TELEPHONE 346XMAS TOY BAZAAR
NOW OPEN
:0: :0: :0: :0: :0:
ACCEPTABLE GIFTS FOR
Ladies AND Gentlemen
IN ALL
DEPARTMENTS.We Specialize in
Social and Business Stationery,
Loose Leaf Binders and Books,
Novelties for the Home and Office,
Dennison's Xmas Decorations.

INSPECTION SOLICITED

DER A. WING & CO.
60, Des Vaux Road, CENTRAL.

BIRTHS.

ANDERSON.—On December 2, 1921, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, a daughter.

FENTON.—On December 5, 1921, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fenton, a daughter.

CARNOCHAN.—On December 3, 1921, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Carnochan, a daughter.

DEATH.

O'BEN.—Early on the morning of December 5, 1921, at Shanghai, Mr. A' O'Brien (A' Ben), Managing Director of The Sincere Company, Limited.

The China Mail.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, PUBLIC SERVICE

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1921.

ADVERSARIA.

Say! Have you galoos a mean got no love for literature bunch? that costs more than ten cents, or have you got no money, or what? I suspect it's what. A fortnight ago I offered to book orders for my autobiography (with history of the Adversaria family) for a mere \$30, and not one order (with remittance) has come in, though one Chinese has offered me six cents a copy for the published work. This, to a man of my high tone, is discouraging, and I announce right here and now that, unfor' though it be to posterity, I retire from authorship.

I am much obliged to my Brother Mc- "OUTLOOK"! Whirter (the only really intelligent newspaper writer besides myself in the Colony) for calling my attention to two columns of clearly angry abuse

by way of teaching, they presume to criticise and contradict and venture to disagree—wow!

I am old, very old. I know that some of my readers at this moment are smiling and enjoying what they suppose to be my feelings. "Caught a tartar, has he?" Serve him right. He needs taking down a peg." I can imagine I hear them.

Well, now I'll retire from this trumpery affair with an *au capitandum* manœuvre that will allow me to get out gracefully. The *Morning Post* thus has it in for you too. He refers to you as "the little crowd of num-skulls who read his [my] weekly effusions regularly because they consider them brilliant."Ah! Num-skulls—and that from a *Morning Post* writer. I slap my paunch and I laugh out loud: "Tis a merry life, good people all. I for one owe it no grudge."

Can make itself very JALOUSIE should a young

journalist, whose highest literary achievement may have been a laboured sonnet in the Swastika, be proud to learn from an older hand? They should be glad to profit by my exposures. Suppose I let them wallow in their ignorance?

I urge them to Think. I show them how. Are they grateful? No. They put their fat heads together and concoct columns of tedious abuse like that in the *Morning Post*, which wasn't even readable. They admit (in effect) that they were pitchforked into jobs they are unfit for; they have to fill those yawning columns; they have no illusions as to the quality of the killing; they claim that "consideration" should be shown them because of these things. Very well. Grant that that is good argument (which I don't). Does it not apply also to me? Is it not possible that I could not so conveniently fill my columns as by pointing out and making capital of their mistakes? Let them give me the consideration they appeal for. But no! I want none. That was rhetoric. Anything I write must stand or fall on its merits. Show it up if it is ever misleading or false or foolish, and I will probably take another look at it. . . . The fact is that journalism in Hongkong is in a disgraceful way. It is very bad. It looks to me as if the journalists had been pitchforked into the game, and not with a very clean pitchfork, either. Those of my local contemporaries whose work does not look to me like kindergarten products seem to me to have the minds of elderly charwomen, without the common savvy and native wit that those good ladies acquire. I am out to ginger them up a bit. They need it.

The handing back SURRENDERING to China of leased KOWLOON territories in China, by various Powers, has been discussed at Washington, and the case of our Kowloon hinterland was mooted. It is a pity that there was none better advised than Mr. Balfour to explain and show that this territory is on a quite different footing to others. He said something footing about it being necessary to protect Hongkong from artillery on the landward side. It is much more important than that, and much as we sympathise with China's aspirations for complete home rule, we cannot allow the main objection to the return of our hinterland to be overlooked. Has not Sir William Rees Davies pointed out that the Fanling Golf Course is world famous? What would our Civil Service do, if Fanling went back to China? Change is unthinkable. Whatever happens Fanling must abide under the British flag.

At Shanghai EXTRATERRITORIALITY, a policeman has been sentenced to two months imprisonment for technically arresting a foreign gentleman during an opium raid. It was laid down that without a warrant from the Consul concerned, no foreigner can be arrested. I call the attention of the other newsgaper to the fact that this has bearing on the subject of extraterritoriality. Suppose that a consul could be induced to come "in" on a smuggling deal with his nationals, what then?

When I survey the HUMBLING world around and THINGS, mark how much there is to make me feel humble, I wonder that I have any conceit left. In the presence of youth I am humbled because they have more time than I have. In the presence of age I feel my inferiority in the matter of experience. If I meet a dapper young Portuguese, my collar shames me, for his is resplendent. A this is because of their unfitness for their jobs. This would-be assassin actually confesses of them—to avoid "clover twisting" of his words I clip the piece that "For the most part they had been pitchforked into the profession for no other reason than that it afforded them some sort of a living. Consequently, they had no ambitions and few illusions regarding themselves."

If that is true, they have no right in the profession, no vocation, and the public is insulted and injured by their intrusion. How can "two" lead or teach? That has been my point all along. When, in addition to publishing ridiculous statements

add that even a flea humbles me, because it is more agile. It is true my emotions are not all pure humility, for I regard him as a trespasser and resent him. In this I surrender to pure prejudice, for he has vested interest in the human body, and he "must live." It is humbling to the rationalist, you will now observe, to find that there are prejudices even in must share.

I have this week been reading that old book called "Priests, Women and Families," by Michelet, and was much struck by his observations on the force of habit. So, apparently, was a reader before me, some one who read this same copy in 1850, over 70 years ago! He has put in a marginal note about "unconscious memory—cell bioplasm," which is quite to the point. Says Michelet. "As we advance in life a considerable portion of our activity escapes our notice, removes from the sphere of liberty to enter that of habit, and becomes as it were fated The fatal part increases within us, without our interference, and grows in the darkness of our inward nature. What formerly struck our attention, now passes unperceived. What was at first difficult, in time grows easy, too easy. At last we can no longer say even that it is easy, for it takes place of its own accord, independently of our will; we suffer if we do not do it. These acts are incessantly renewed. A second nature, formed at the expense of the first, becomes its substitute. We forget the beginning, and fancy we have always been so."

This applies to habits of thought as well as to others. In thinking the line of least resistance is fatally attractive, and many men imagine they are being true to principle, and to themselves, when they are merely indulging a bad habit. Environment, sometimes "select" and "exclusive," does for some men what Michelet was complaining that a "spiritual director" does for women. This perhaps explains why some highly educated men profess things that seem inconsistent with their intellectual advancement, and are by consequence suspected of hypocrisy by others. From time to time a free mind should have a "stock-taking" of its beliefs and principles, and pay particular attention to the point of where, when, and how it acquired them. This is a very hard thing, and unlikely to be done by the general.

"For Adversaria. Please MISUNDERSTANDING. forward." Envelopes so addressed are sent me by the Editor. Each one is opened in a mood of lively, almost anxious speculation. Will it be of the sort that opens abruptly: "Sir. To a fool of your calibre, etc."? Or one of the breezy "Dear Old Thing" kind, with "I think you ought to be told, etc" in it? One this week calls my attention to a misspelling in the *China Mail* of the name of Harrogate, which our reporter and proo' readers allowed to appear as "Harrovgate." As a fault-finder? Not on your last chance of a ginaling. He simply has a story for me, apropos, and he delivers it thus: A curate staying at the famous spa, and wishing to write a letter, found himself in doubt as to the spelling of the name of the place. Beckoning a waiter in the writing-room, he asked him in a whisper, for there were others writing whom he did not wish to disturb: "Is there a 'W' in Harrogate?" The servitor was momentarily flabbergasted, but almost instantly answered, "No, Sir." Then confidentially he added "Not since the ostler's wife left here, Sir."

Speaking of the need of KNOW. faith, the Archbishop of Canterbury is reported to have said that "personally, he found that one of the strongest bits of armour when attacked with certain questions was the simple answer 'I do not know.'" Hardly armour-surely? More like "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day."

It is not often that a OUR pun is so appropriate YACHTING as one made on the SENSATION name of Mr. Belasco's yacht, the *Dwywenwen*. The owner was getting anxious about her, as she was weeks overdue at Colombo, where, according to Router, she has just arrived, after being becalmed on the way from Aden, a "run" which took 46 days, and reduced the crew of ten to biscuit fave. Mr. Belasco was giving the proper pronunciation of the yacht's Welsh name, the "w" having the sound of "oo." "Ab," said his friend. "I see. The Due in when."

I had a queer dream PERTINACY the other night, most ARGUMENT. coherent. I was at the funeral of a person whose family were making a most expensive display of it. From how such a list must grow, one embarked upon. Believe me, mes enfants! it is no reaching after the reductio ad absurdum that makes

and would leave them financially embarrassed for years to come. Mourning sincerely as we all were, you are to understand that we were conscious of that all the time. The thought of it was a sort of running accompaniment to our grief. Now, just as we got to the graveside, in the presence of an enormous crowd of people the corpse was set up and objected to be buried.

Said it wasn't really dead, or words to that effect. The family was much upset, and appealed to me. "Leave it to *Adversarius*," they said, "he's always very rational." The crowd, many mere acquaintances and sightseers were all for calling the funeral off. They said it wasn't usual to bury people alive, and it ought not to be done. I reasoned with them. I remember that I reasoned with them passionately. I said they must not let themselves be led away by passions and prejudices to which we were all

equally liable. I begged them to use

their brains, and not listen to this lying corpse. Corpses never had been

known to tell the truth. I said, and would leave them financially embarrassed for years to come. Mourning sincerely as we all were, you are to understand that we were conscious of that all the time. The thought of it was a sort of running accompaniment to our grief. Now, just as we got to the graveside, in the presence of an enormous crowd of people the corpse was set up and objected to be buried.

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ADVERSARIA.

(Continued from Page 4.)

Observing that this hypnotic phrase still misleads some of my fellow misdemeanants I desire again to call their attention to its hollowness. I am informed that before I came and set them a better example, the Hongkong newspapers were all very full of dignity; almost stodged with it. Also at they were generally regarded with contempt. I have heard newspapermen mention this contemptuous attitude of the Hongkong public, as a grievance. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the public may have been right. Dignity without real solidity is a house built on sand. I know of no dignity more imposing than the awfully conscious dignity of the little girl on first putting up her hair. Yet, although she's got her hair up, she remains a little girl. It is not only the Press, though the Press insists most upon it. Dignity and humility cannot live together. Dignity is a fine name for a bad thing. It is the peacock plumage that camouflages the jackdaw of pomous conceit. God so loved the world that he gave his only Mark Twain to save it from dignity.

In one of those HOG'S PUDDINGS moods when one's past is re-lived, and one shudders at past perils, laughs at bygone jokes, or tastes afresh the savour of pleasant adventures, I suddenly behought me of hog's puddings, which by some are called Black ditto, and by the Germans blutwurst. Long time no hap catches. Send for pound. Local artist replies only made to order. O.K. Order one pound. Local artist replies orders for less than four pounds not undertaken. This is the explanation of the runts that follow, for I take it no writer can devour four pounds of hog's pudding for breakfast and refrain from some form of poetry.

The *Morning Post's* Washington learns that Tokyo has unconditionally accepted the 5/5/3 ratio. The *New York Times* correspondent at Washington says that the four cardinal points in the Quadruple-Power Alliance are:—First, it fixes territorial integrity of region in the Pacific. Each Power shall be bound not to attack the territory of any other; second, if the vital interests of any Power in the Pacific are menaced it will be morally required to consult the other Powers before taking action; third, in case of disagreements between any two contracting parties the other two Powers will be asked to mediate or arbitrate; fourth, it provides for the abolition of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which ends with the exchange of ratifications of the new treaty.

There is nothing in the agreement concerning the reduction of naval armaments or Chinese problems.

PARIS, December 9th. A message from Washington states that M. Vivian conferred with Mr. Balfour, Baron Kato and Mr. Hughes for two hours regarding the Quadruple Agreement. He has despatched the text to Paris and recommends its acceptance. The Japanese reply is favourable. It makes reservations regarding American naval bases. It is confirmed that the Agreement will apply exclusively to islands in the Pacific belonging to the Powers concerned. Publication will be delayed until the Manchurian and other problems are solved. The Agreement does not apply to Indo-China.

The French delegates are staying beyond December 14th owing to the importance of the remaining problems. The Quadruple Agreement will be announced at a public session as soon as the American Government has received the adhesion of all interested—probably at the beginning of next week. The regulation of the naval armaments of the three great Far Eastern Powers will probably be announced the same day.

The *Times* in a leader criticising the attitude of the Chinese delegation at Washington says that Dr. Wellington Koo has proved himself very unpractical. It declares that the Chinese talk about the failure of the Conference and the Chinese threats of withdrawal are childish. The first essential for the Chinese people is the development of a Government that can speak in her name. She shows no sign of being able to create such a Government herself.

The *Times* correspondent at Washington hints that a plan has been mooted whereby eight Powers may undertake the task of endeavouring to give the Chinese people a real chance.

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON DEAD.

LONDON, December 8th. The death is announced of Sir Arthur Pearson. His death was due to an accident.

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON accidentally slipped in his bath and struck his head against the tap. He was rendered unconscious, fell into the water and was drowned.

[Sir Arthur Pearson, G.B.E., was created baronet in 1916. He was for many years President of the Fresh Air Fund and latterly President of the National Institute for the Blind. He founded the business of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and was actively concerned with various newspapers until the failure of his sight some years ago. His own affliction has given his appeals for St. Dunstan's great weight with the public.]

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING.

if when troubled with constipation, liver, or sick headache, you take a small dose of Pinkettes at night on retiring to rest.

Pinkettes are laxative perfection, for they are not habit-forming, and neither gripes nor purge. Their occasional use ensures daily regularity, corrects biliousness, gently stimulates the liver, aids the appetite and digestion, prevents diarrhoea, and dysentery, relieves piles. They act as a cathartic at night.

Chemists everywhere sell Pinkettes, or post free, 6 cents the vial, from Dr. William's Medicine Co., 90, Shanghai Road, Shanghai.

F. C. L. TELEGRAMS.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

LONDON, December 9th. The American Delegation's advisory committee, in a report drafted by General Pershing, advised the complete abandonment of all forms of chemical warfare.

There is reason to believe that the report does not neglect the views of other high military experts who incline to the belief that chemical warfare should be considered in the same way as any other weapon.

The preliminary draft of the Four-Power Agreement is understood to include four clauses, one of which declares that the Agreement shall serve as a substitute for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is also understood that the draft further provides for discussions or conferences in case any disputes arise, thus incorporating President Harding's idea of a series of international conferences.

LATER.

While the Four-Power arrangement is gaining increased support and other factors are shaping towards definite treaties or "understandings" the latest problem prominent in the discussions relates to the fortifications of naval bases in the Pacific.

It is intimated that this subject will be settled by a separate treaty or other international agreement. The actual state of the situation is closely guarded although the conversations are apparently tending toward the following separate agreements:—Firstly, a Treaty whereby Great Britain, the United States, Japan and France agree to a period of discussion before going to war over disputes arising over Pacific islands; secondly, a treaty or agreement relating to the 5/5/3 ratio and cognate questions; thirdly, joint declaration of principles by all nations regarding the future of China; fourthly, a treaty in which the United States and Japan would form the principals, settling the question of Yap; fifthly, a Sino-Japanese agreement relating to Shantung. The Japanese delegation considers that all these elements are linked together, consequently Japan's attitude is likely to be delayed by Japan is ready to make a settlement involving all or a portion of the despatch from Tokio. This has been received, but the delegation is awaiting receipt of the full text before indicating its position.

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LOCAL AND GENERAL.

All firms, clubs, etc., who have not yet returned particulars for insertion in the Dollar Directory are requested to do so immediately to No. 5, Wyndham Street. Particulars of new firms etc. will be gladly received for inclusion in the Directory.

Lieut. Commander T. T. Laurenson, D.S.C., R.N.R., has been appointed assistant secretary to the China Coast Officers' Guild.

Madame Lottie Gordon's afternoon Christmas concert in aid of various local charities is advertised to take place in the City Hall on December 15th.

The manager of a Chinese advertising agency in Shanghai is reported to have absconded after having lost between \$50,000 and \$60,000 in speculation.

Particulars are advertised in this issue of one lot of Crown land at Wanchai and another at Shaukiwan to be put up for auction by the Public Works Department on Monday afternoon.

A Japanese merchant from Nagoya has been arrested in Shanghai on a warrant charging him with forgery, the amount involved being Y.200,000. The Japanese authorities are sending him back to Nagoya for trial.

The profit on the Kowloon Fair amounted to \$1,159.93. A cheque for \$500 has been forwarded to the treasurer of the M. C. L. and the remaining \$579.93 has been paid into the Kowloon British School Games Fund.

By special request Captain E. R. G. Evans C.B., D.S.O., R. N. will lecture at the World Theatre on Monday night when he will tell the story of Captain Scott's Last Antarctic expedition. As advertised elsewhere the proceeds will be devoted to the local missions to scavenge and other naval benefits.

MEAN. Komor and Komor advertise in to-day's issue the arrival of their models of the fashionable world in evening and afternoon gowns, blouses, etc. This is welcome news for Hongkong ladies as the name of the firm guarantees good taste and value. Their Yokohama firm leads the fashion of the world and the Hongkong firm will put its strength now into this branch so as to make it centre of fashion. Inspection is cordially invited.

A certain gentleman in Government service went into the Peiping Police Court, Peiping, to speak to one of the Police Inspectors. He entered the Court-room by way of the Interpreter's room, in which he left his topee. After a lapse of about two minutes, he returned to find that his topee was missing. He immediately informed the Inspector, who at once inquired a sea-cu. Within fifteen minutes the missing topee was found—in a pawnshop in Campbell Street, where it had been pledged for 50 cents.

BU: LIARDS.

PORTUGUESE CLUBS.

TRIANGULAR TOURNAMENT.

The annual triangular tournament between the Club Lustiano, Club de Recreio and Catholic Union was again won by the last named Club this year. The tournament, which had lasted over a month, produced some excellent billiards, prominent among the players being A. J. Osmund, the Coloy's champion, P. A. Yvanovitch, the ex-champion, L. A. Osmund, and E. Guimaraes, who gave very creditable performances. The final match of the tournament was played off last night between representatives of the Catholic Union and the Club Lustiano. In the first game, A. J. Osmund (C. L.) defeated J. Gardner (C. L.), 250-176. The other game, between L. A. Rozario (C. U.) and P. A. Rozario (C. L.), was more closely contested, and resulted in a win for the former by the narrow margin of 9 points. It was anybody's game up to the last stroke. Scores: L. A. Rozario, 250; P. A. Rozario, 241.

A. J. Osmund put up a pretty break of 57 in his game, and being in fine form throughout, had the game in hand right from the start. Maintaining his lead, he won comfortably.

There were altogether 40 games in the tournament. Catholic Union defeated both their opponents and ran out winners by a good margin. Club Lustiano were the runners-up.

The aggregate scores of the Club are:

Catholic Union..... 9,344

Club de Recreio..... 8,849

Club Lustiano..... 8,183

P. A. Yvanovitch (O. du R.) compiled

the highest break of the tournament

a creditable 74.

ARMY FOOTBALL.

TRIAL MATCH MONDAY.

The following have been selected to play in a trial match at Sookumpoo, on Monday:

Red—Pte. Turner (Wiltz); Cpl. Trivett (Wiltz) and Lt. R. A. Moore (Wiltz, Captain); Pte. Sawyer (Wiltz); W. R. G. Pascoe (R.G.A.); and Lt. H. R. Donovan (R.G.A.); Br. Veale (R.G.A.); C. S. M. Pearson (R.E.); Art-G. Lelliott (R.G.A.); Bdm. Swanborough (Wiltz); and Cpl. Amor (Wiltz).

White—Br. Woods (R.G.A.); Bdm. Murrant (Wiltz) and Gr. Frampton (R.G.A.); Cpl. Lancaster (Wiltz, Capt.) and Gr. Keay (R.G.A.); Pte. Warren (Wiltz); Sgt. Evans (Wiltz); Pte. Menham (Wiltz); Gr. Harris (R.G.A.); and Pte. Payne (R.A.S.C.).

Reserves—Cpl. Hopper (R.A.S.C.); Pte. Westall (Wiltz); Cpl. Townsend (R.E.); and Gr. McHugh (R.G.A.).

CHURCH NOTICES.

A CHARGE OF ONE DOLLAR IS MADE FOR ALL NOTICES UNDER THIS HEADING.

ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL.

HONGKONG 11TH DECEMBER, 1921.

3RD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion at 7.50 a.m.

Matins at 11 a.m.

Choral Evensong at 7.15 p.m.

Resorts: Picnic: Venues, No. 4 Martin;

Palms, 147, 15, Stamford; Te Deum;

2nd Set. Russell, Jones "Ye Bona-

digna"; No. 1, Tertius Hoble;

Anth. m. "Sing, O Heaven," Sulli-

van; Hymn, 379;

Choral Amen;

Holy Communion (12 noon).

Evening and afternoon

Gowes, Blouses, etc.

Your inspection is cordially

invited.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA,

NOTICE TO CONSIGNIERS.

HE Steamship,

"SHINYO MARU."

From SAN FRANCISCO, via HONO-

LULU, JAPAN PORTS,

SHANGHAI & MANILA.

The above named steamer having arrived on Friday, 9th December, 1921, consignees of cargo are hereby notified to present their Bills of Lading for counter-signature, and take immediate delivery from alongside steamer or the Company's Godown, where all cargo impeding immediate discharge will be landed at consignees' risk.

Storage will be assessed on cargo remaining undelivered after Friday, 16th December, 1921.

All broken, chafed and damaged packages will be landed into the Company's Godown, where same will be examined on Saturday, 17th December, at 10 a.m.

No claim will be recognised after goods have left the Steamer or Godown, and none will be entertained if presented later than three weeks after arrival of steamer.

No fire insurance whatever will be effected.

Y. TSUTSUMI,

Wm. **Powell** Ltd.

TELEPHONE 346

XMAS**1921.**

THERE IS NO PERIOD IN THE CALENDAR
EXCEPT XMAS THAT BRINGS TO A FOCUS
EVERYBODY'S DESIRE TO GIVE SOMETHING TO SOMEBODY.

Toyland — The Delight of the KIDDIES—HEAPS of ANIMALS—SOLDIERS—GAMES—DOLLS—
BOOKS—ENGINES—MOTORS—FOOTBALLS, etc.

Choice Selection of Gifts for Ladies:

WOOLLEN and SILK SCARVES	—An almost indispensable item for the season.
HANDKERCHIEFS	—Dainty and acceptable.
GLOVES	—Are presents one is pleased to receive.
FURS	—Are Gifts de luxe Specially Suited to Xmas Tide.
MANICURE SETS	—As presents make pleasing gifts.
HANDBAGS	—Always have the appeal of novelty.

Umbrellas—Silk Hose, etc.

Useful Presents, for Men — Suggestions that will help you: GLOVES—TIES—
DRESSING GOWNS—WALKING STICKS—UMBRELLAS—SLIPPERS—FITTED DRESSING
CASES—SWEATERS—HANDKERCHIEFS—SUIT CASES, Etc.

For the Home

DOWN QUILTS	—As presents give lasting joy
CUSHIONS	—Always appeal to the Woman with a home.
CABINETS—SCREENS—ELECTRO	PLATE—WARE—CARVING—SETS—CHAFING—DISHES—BISCUIT BARRELS—CLARET JUGS Etc.

Dress Department — GOWN LENGTHS—OR COSTUME LENGTHS—GABARDINES
VELOURS—FOULARDS—CHIFFON VELVET, Etc.

These are only a few suggestions. PAY us a Visit and let other Articles suggest themselves.

"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 7.)

I am as strong as a lion, and all men ain't—but supposing it should really be that we have no right to a new year—supposing we really are intruding—"

"Why, father, father!" said the pleasant voice again.

Trotty heard it this time; started; stopped; and shortening his sight, which had been directed a long way off at seeking for enlightenment in the very heart of the approaching year, found himself face to face with his own child, and looking close into her eyes.

Bright eyes they were. Eyes that would bear a world of looking in, before their depth was fathomed. Dark eyes that reflected back the eyes which searched them; not flashing, or at the owner's will, but with a clear, calm, honest, patient radiance, claiming kindred with that light which Heaven called into being. Eyes that were beautiful and true, and beaming with hope. With hope so young and fresh; with hope so buoyant, vigorous, and bright, despite the twenty years of work and poverty on which they had looked; that they became a voice to Trotty Veck, and said, "I think we have some business here—a little!"

Trotty kissed the lips belonging to the eyes, and squeezed the blooming face between his hands.

"Why, ps!" said Trotty. "What's to do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg."

"Neither did I expect to come, father," cried the girl, nodding her head and smiling as she spoke. "But here I am! And not alone!"

"Why, you don't mean to say," observed Trotty, looking curiously at a covered basket which she carried in her hand, "that you—"

"Smell it, father dear," said Meg. "Only smell it!"

Trotty was going to lift up the cover at once, in a great hurry, when she gaily interposed her hand.

"No, no, no," said Meg, with the glē of a child. "Lengthen it out a litt'l. Let me just lift up the corner; just the litt'l, tīny corner, you know!" said Meg, suiting the action to the word with the utmost gentleness, and speaking very softly, as if she were afraid of being overheard by som' thing inside the basket; "There. Now. What's that?"

Toby took the shortest possible sniff at the edge of the basket, and cried out in a rapture—

"Why, it's hot!"

"It's burning hot!" cried Meg. "Ha, ha, ha! It's scalding hot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Toby, with a sort of kick.

"But what is it, father?" said Meg. "Come! You haven't guessed what it is. And you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out, till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! What a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now, guess!"

Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right too soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket towards him; curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if by so doing she could find the right word out of Toby's lips; and laughing softly the whole time.

Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration at the lid; the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"Ah! It's very nice," said Toby. "It aint—I suppose it aint polonies?"

"No, no, no!" cried Meg, delighted.

"Nothing like polonies!"

"No," said Toby, after another sniff. "It's—it's mellower than polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for trotters. Ain't it?"

Meg was in an ecstasy. He could not have gone wider of the mark than trotters—except polonies.

"Liver?" said Toby, communing with himself. "No. There's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Petities? No. It aint faint enough for petities. It wants the stringiness of cocks' heads. And I know it aint sausages. I'll tell you what it is. It's chitterlings!"

"No, it aint!" cried Meg, in a burst of delight. "No, it aint!"

"Why, what am I a-thinking of!" said Toby, suddenly recovering a position as near the perpendicular as it was possible for him to assume.

"I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!"

Tripe it was, and Meg, in high joy, protested he should say, in half a minute, more, it was the best tripe ever stewed,

"And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father; for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket-handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me; is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, my dear," said Toby. "But they're always a-bringing up some new law or other."

"And according to what I was reading you in the paper the other day, father; what the judge said, you know; we poor people are supposed to know them all. Ha, ha! What a mistake! My goodness me, how I mistake them!"

"Well, I never!" cried Meg.

She had, though—over and over again. For it was Toby's constant topic.

"When things is very bad," said Trotty; "very bad indeed, I mean; almost at the worst; then it's Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby! Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby! Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby! That way."

"And it comes—at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered the unconscious Toby. "Never fails."

While this discourse was holding, Trotty made no pause in his attack upon the savoury meat before him, but cut and ate, and cut and drank, and cut and chewed, and dodged about, from tripe to hot potato, and from hot potato back again to tripe, with an unctuous and unflagging relish. But happening now to look all round the street—in case anybody should be beckoning from any door or window, for a porter—his eyes, in coming back again, encountered Meg sitting opposite to him, with her arms folded, and only busy in watching his progress with a smile of happiness.

"Why, Lord forgive me!" said Trotty, dropping his knife and fork. "My dove! Meg! why didn't you tell me what a beast I was?"

"Father?"

"Sitting here," said Trotty, in penitent explanation, "cramming and stuffing, and gorging myself; and you before me there; never so much as breaking your precious fast; nor wanting to, when—"

"But I have broken it, father," interposed his daughter, laughing, "all to bits. I have had my dinner."

"Nonsense," said Trotty. "Two dinners-in one day! It aint possible! You might as well tell me that two New Year's Days will come together; or that I have had a gold head all my life, and never changed it."

"I have had my dinner, father, for all that," said Meg, coming nearer to him. "And if you'll go on with yours, I'll tell you how and where; and how your dinner came to be brought; and—and something else besides."

Toby still appeared incredulous; but she looked into his face with her clear eyes, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, motioned him to go on while the meat was hot. So Trotty took up his knife and fork again, and went to work. But much more

slowly than before, and shaking his head, as if he were not at all pleased with himself.

"I had my dinner, father," said Meg, after a little hesitation, "with Richard. His dinner-time was early; and as he brought his dinner with him when he came to see the, we—we had it together, father."

Trotty took a little beer, and smacked his lips. Then he said,

"Oh!"—because she waited.

"And Richard says, father—"

Meg resumed, then stopped.

"What does Richard say, Meg?" asked Toby,

"Richard says, father—"

Another stoppage.

"Richard's a long time saying it," said Toby.

"He says then, father," Meg continued, lifting up her eyes at last, and speaking in a tremble, but quite plainly: "another year is nearly gone, and where is the use of waiting on from year to year, when it is so unlikely we shall ever be better off than we are now?" He says we are poor now, father, and we shall be poor then, but we are young now, and years will make us old before we know it. He says that if we wait; people in our condition: until we see our way quite clearly, the way will be a narrow one indeed—the common way—the grave, father."

A bolder man than Trotty Veck must needs have drawn upon his boldness, largely, to deny it. Trotty held his peace:

"And how hard, father, to grow old, and die, and think we might have cheered and helped each other! How hard in all our lives to love each other; and to grieve, apart, to see each other working, changing, growing old and gray. Even if I got the better of it, and forgot him (which I never could), oh, father dear, how hard to have a heart so full as mine is now, and lived to have it slowly drained out every drop, without the recollection of one happy moment of a woman's life, to stay behind and comfort me, and make me better!"

Trotty sat quite still. Meg dried her eyes, and said more gaily—that is to say, with here a laugh, and there a sob, and here a laugh and sob together—

"So Richard says, father; as his work was yesterday made certain for some time to come, and as I love him and have loved him full three years longer than that, if he knew it!—will I marry him on New Year's Day; the best and happiest day, he says, in the whole year, and one that is almost sure to bring good fortune with it. It's a short notice, father—isn't it?—but I haven't my fortune to be settled,

or my wedding dresses to be made, like the great ladies, father, have I? And he said so much, and said it in his way; so strong and earnest; and all the time so kind and gentle; that I said I'd come and talk to you, father. And as they paid the money for that work of mine this morning (unexpectedly, I am sure!), and as you have fared very poorly for a whole week, and as I couldn't help wishing there should be something to make this day a sort of holiday to you as well as a dear and happy day to me, father, I made a little treat and brought it to surprise you."

"And see how he leaves it cooling on the step!" said another voice.

It was the voice of this same Richard, who had come upon them unobserved, and stood before the father and daughter, looking down upon them with a face as glowing as the iron on which his stout sledge-hammer daily rang. A handsome, well-made, powerful youngster he was; with eyes that sparkled like the red-hot droppings from a furnace fire; black hair that curled about his swarthy temples rarely; and a smile—a smile that bore out Meg's eulogium on his style of conversation.

"See how he leaves it cooling on the step!" said Richard. "Meg don't know what he likes. Not she!"

Trotty, all action and enthusiasm, immediately reached up his hand to Richard, and was going to address him in a great hurry, when the house door opened without any warning, and a footman very nearly put his foot in the tripe.

"Out of the ways here, will you! You must always go, and be a-settin' on our steps, must you! You can't go and give a turn to none of the neighbours, never, can't you! Will you clear the road, or won't you?"

Strictly speaking, the last question was irrelevant, as they had already done it.

"What's the matter, what's the matter!" said the gentleman for whom the door was opened; coming out of the house at that kind of light, heavy pace—that peculiar compromise between a walk and a jog-trot—with which a gentleman upon the smooth down-hill of life wearing crumpled boots, a watch-chain, and clean linen, may come out of his house, not only without any abatement of his dignity, but with an expression of having important and wealthy engagements elsewhere. "What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"You're always a-bein' begged, and prayed, upon your bended knees you are," said the footman with great emphasis to Trotty Veck, "to let our joorsteps be. Why don't you let 'em be? Can't you let 'em be?"

"There! That'll do!" said the gentleman. "Hollo, there! Porter!" beckoning with his head to Trotty Veck.

"Come here. What's that? Your dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said Trotty, leaving it behind him in a corner.

"Don't leave it there," exclaimed the gentleman. "Bring it here, bring it here. So! This is your dinner, is it?"

"Yes, sir," repeated Trotty, looking with a fixed eye and a watery mouth at the piece of tripe he had reserved for a last delicious tit-bit; which the gentleman was now turning over and over on the end of the fork.

"Two other gentlemen had come out with him. One was low-spirited gentleman of middle age, of a meagre habit, and a disconsolate face; who kept his hands continually in the pockets of his scanty pepper-and-salt trousers, very large and dog-eared from that custom; and was not particularly well brushed or washed. The other, a full-sized, sleek, well-conditioned gentleman, in a blue coat with bright buttons, and a white cravat. This gentleman had a very red face, as if an undue proportion of the blood in his body were squeezed up into his head; which perhaps accounted for his having also the appearance of being rather cold about the heart.

He who had Toby's meat upon the fork, called to the first one by the name of Filer; and they both drew near together. Mr. Filer being exceedingly short-sighted, was obliged to go so close to the remnant of Toby's dinner before he could make out what it was, that Toby's heart leaped up into his mouth. But Mr. Filer didn't eat it.

"This is a description of animal food, Alderman," said Filer, making little punches in it with a pencil-case, "commonly known to the labouring population of this country by the name of tripe."

The alderman laughed, and winked; for he was a merry fellow, Alderman Cate. Oh, and a sly fellow too! A knowing fellow. Up to everything. Not to be imposed upon. Deep in the people's hearts! He knew them, Cate did. I believe you!

"But who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, looking round. "Tripe is without an exception the least economical, and the most wasteful article of consumption that the markets of this country can by possibility produce. The loss upon a pound of tripe has been found to be, in the boiling, seven-eighths of a fifth more than the loss upon a pound of any other animal substance whatever."

(Continued on Page 10.)

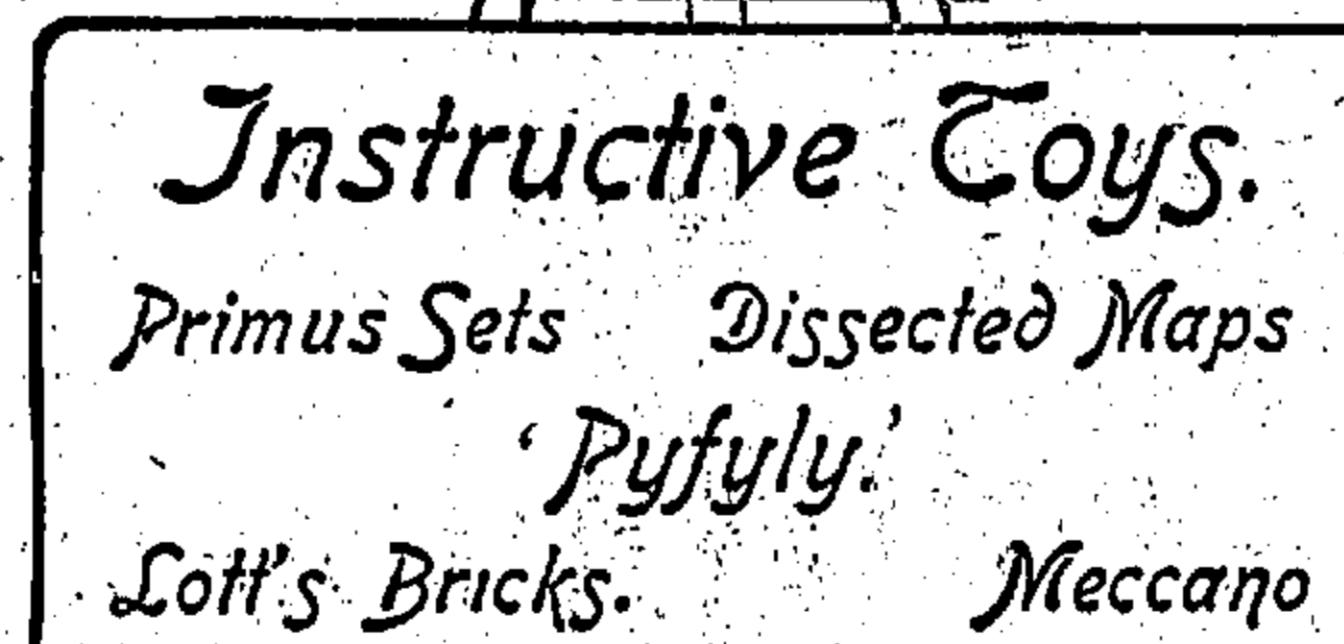
THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

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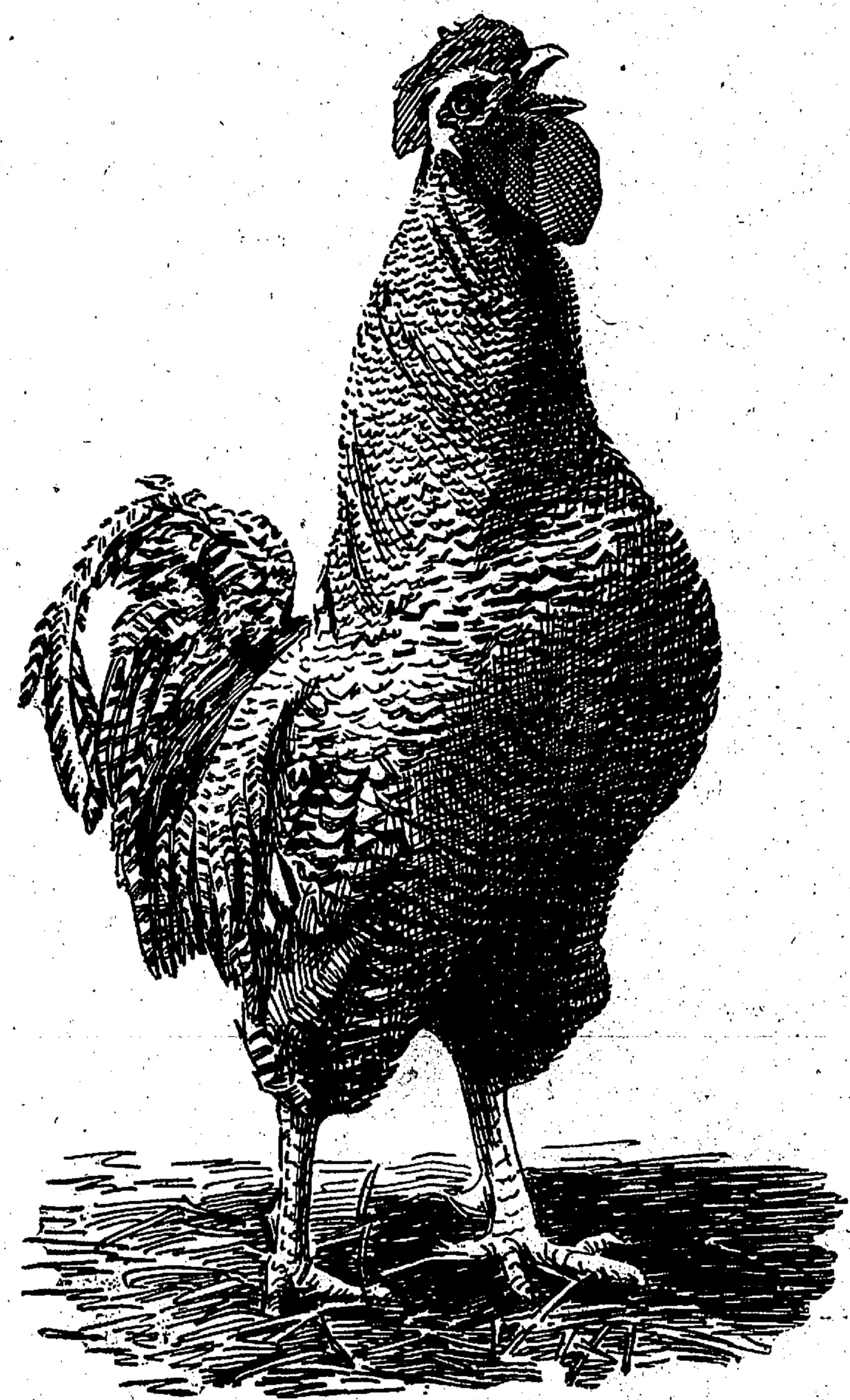
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 8.)

Tripe is more expensive, properly understood, than the hothouse pine-apple. Taking into account the number of animals slaughtered yearly within the bills of mortality alone; and forming a low estimate of the quantity of tripe which the carcasses of those animals, reasonably well butchered, would yield; I find that the waste on that amount of tripe, if boiled, would victual a garrison of five hundred men for five months of thirty-one days each, and a February over. The waste, the waste!"

Trotty stood aghast, and his legs shook under him. He seemed to have starved a garrison of five hundred men with his own hand.

"Who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer warmly. "Who eats tripe?"

Trotty made a miserable bow.

"You do, do you?" said Mr. Filer. "Then I'll tell you something. You snatched your tripe, my friend, out of the mouths of widows and orphans."

"I hope not, sir," said Trotty faintly. "I'd sooner die of want!"

"Divide 'em the amount of tripe before-mentioned," Alderman," said Mr. Filer, "by the estimated number of existing widows and orphans, and the result will be one pennyweight of tripe to each. Not a grain is left for that man. Consequently, he's a robber!"

Trotty was so shocked, that it gave him no concern to see the alderman finish the tripe himself. It was a relief to get rid of it, anyhow.

"And what do you say?" asked the gentleman. "What is to be said? Who can take any interest in a fellow like this," meaning Trotty, "in such degenerate times as these? Look at him! What an object! The good old times, the grand old times, the great old times! Those were the times for a bold peasantry, and all that sort of thing. Those were the times for every sort of thing, in fact. There's nothing nowadays. Ah!"

The gentleman didn't specify what particular times he alluded to; nor did he say whether he objected to the present times, from a disinterested consciousness that they had done nothing very remarkable in producing himself.

"The good old times, the good old times," repeated the gentleman. "What times they were! They were the only times. It's of no use talking about any other times, or discussing what the people are in these times. You don't call these, times, do you? I don't. Look into 'Strutt's Costumes,' and see what a Porter used to be, in any of the good old English reigns."

"He hadn't, in his very best circumstances, a shirt to his back, or a stocking to his foot; and there was scarcely a vegetable in all England for him to put into his mouth," said Mr. Filer. "I can prove it, by tables."

But still the red-faced gentleman extolled the good old times, the grand old times, the great old times. "No matter what anybody else said, he still went turning round and round in one set form of words concerning them; as a poor squirrel turns and turns in its revolving cage; touching the mechanism and trick of which it has probably quite as distinct perceptions as ever this red-faced gentleman had of his deceased millennium.

It is possible that poor Trotty's faith in these very vague old times was not entirely destroyed, for he felt vague enough, at that moment. One thing, however, was plain to him, in the midst of his distress; to wit, that however these gentlemen might differ in details, his misgivings of that morning, and of many other mornings, were well founded. "No, no. We can't go right or do right," thought Trotty in despair. "There is no good in us. We are born bad!"

But Trotty had a father's heart within him; which had somehow got into his breast, in spite of this decree; and he could not bear that Meg, in the blush of her brief joy, should have her fortune read by these wise gentlemen. "God help her," thought poor Trotty. "She will know it soon enough."

He anxiously signed, therefore, to the young smith to take her away. But he was so busy, talking to her softly at a little distance, that he only became conscious of this desire, simultaneously with Alderman Cut. Now, the alderman had not yet had his say, but he was a philosopher, too-practical, though! Oh, very practical!—and, as he had no idea of losing any portion of his audience, he cried, "Stop!"

"Now, you know," said the alderman, addressing his two friends, with a self-complacent smile upon his face, which was habitual to him, "I am a plain man, and a practical man; and I go to work in a plain, practical way. That's my way. There is not the least mystery or difficulty in dealing with this sort of people

if you only understand 'em, and can talk to 'em in their own manner. Now, you porter! Don't you ever tell me, or anybody else, my friend, that you haven't always enough to eat, and of the best; because I know better. I have tasted your tripe, you know, and you can't chaff me. You understand what 'chaff' means, eh? That's the right well. They were worth looking at. And marriage seemed as reasonable and fair-dealed as they need have in contemplation."

"A man may live to be old as Methuselah," said Mr. Filer, "and may labour all his life for the benefit of such people as these; and may heap up facts on figures, facts on figures, facts on figures, mountains high and dry; and he can have no more hope to persuade 'em that they have no right or business to be married, than he can hope to persuade 'em they have no earthly right or business to be born. And that we know they haven't. We reduced it to a mathematical certainty long ago!"

Alderman Cut was mightily diverted, and laid his right forefinger on the side of his nose, as much as to say to both his friends, "Observe me, you may put down anything among this sort of people, if you only know the way to set about it."

Trotty took Meg's hand and drew it through his arm. He didn't seem to know what he was doing though.

"Your daughter, eh?" said the alderman, chucking her familiarly under the chin.

Always affable with the working classes, Alderman Cut! Knew what pleased them! Not a bit of pride!

"Where's her mother?" asked that worthy gentleman.

"Dead," said Toby. "Her mother put up linen; and was called to heaven when she was born."

"Not to get up linen there, I suppose," remarked the alderman pleasantly.

Toby might or might not have been able to separate his wife in heaven from her old pursuits. But query: If Mrs. Alderman Cut had gone to heaven, would Mr. Alderman Cut have pictured her as holding any state or station there?

"And you're making love to her, are you?" said Cut to the young smith.

"Yes," returned Richard quickly, for he was nettled by the question. "And we are going to be married on New Year's Day."

"What do you mean?" cried Filer sharply. "Married?"

"Why, yes, we're thinking of it, master," said Richard. "We're rather in a hurry, you see, in case it should be put down first."

"Ah!" cried Filer, with a groan.

"Put that down, indeed, Alderman, and you'll do something. Married! Married! The ignorance of the first principles of political economy on the part of these people; their improvidence; their wickedness; is, by heavens! enough to—Now look at that couple, will you?"

Well! They were worth looking at. And marriage seemed as reasonable and fair-dealed as they need have in contemplation."

"A man may live to be old as Methuselah," said Mr. Filer, "and may labour all his life for the benefit of such people as these; and may heap up facts on figures, facts on figures, facts on figures, mountains high and dry; and he can have no more hope to persuade 'em that they have no right or business to be married, than he can hope to persuade 'em they have no earthly right or business to be born. And that we know they haven't. We reduced it to a mathematical certainty long ago!"

Alderman Cut was mightily diverted, and laid his right forefinger on the side of his nose, as much as to say to both his friends, "Observe me, you may put down anything among this sort of people, if you only know the way to set about it."

"Come here, my girl!" said Alderman Cut.

The young blood of her lover had been mounting wrathfully within the last few minutes; and he was indisposed to let her come. But setting constraint upon himself he came forward with a stride as Meg approached, and stood beside her. Toby kept her hand within his arm still, but looked from face to face as wildly as a sleeper in a dream.

"Now, I'm going to give you a word or two of good advice, my girl," said the alderman, in his nice, easy way. "It's my place to give advice, you know, because I'm a justice. You know I'm a justice, don't you?"

Meg timidly said, "Yes." But everybody knew Alderman Cut was a justice. Oh, dear, so acute a justice always! Who such a mote of brightness in the public eye as Cut?

"You are going to be married, you say," pursued the alderman, "Very unbecoming and indecent in one of your sex! But never mind that. After you are married, you'll quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not; but you will, because I tell you so. Now, I give you fair warning, that I have made up my mind to put distressed wives down. So, don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys

Those boys will grow up bad, of course, and run wild in the streets, without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend, I'll convict 'em summarily, every one, for I am determined to put boys without shoes and stockings down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely)

and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets, now, don't wander near me, my dear, for I am resolved to put all wandering mothers down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to put down,

and if you attempt, desperately, and ungratefully, and impiously, and fraudulently attempt to drown your self, or hang yourself, I'll have no pity on you, for I have made up my mind to put all suicide down! If there is one thing," said the alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, "on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than on another, it is to put suicide down. So don't try it on. That's the phrase, isn't it? Ha, ha! now we understand each other."

Toby knew not whether to be agonised or glad, to see that Meg had turned a deadly white, and dropped her lover's hand.

"As for you, you dull dog," said the alderman, turning with even increased cheerfulness and urbanity to the young smith, "what are you thinking of being married for? What do you want to be married for, you silly fellow? If I was fine, young, strapping chap like you, I should be ashamed of being milkspun enough to pin myself to a woman's apron strings. Why, she'll be an old woman before you're a middle-aged man!

And pretty figure you'll cut then, with a draggled-tailed wife and a crowd of squalling children crying after you wherever you go!"

"Oh, he knew how to banter the common people, Alderman Cut!"

"There, Go along with you," said the alderman, "and repent. Don't make such a fool of yourself as to get married on New Year's Day. You'll think very differently of it, long before next New Year's Day: a trim young fellow like you, with all the girls looking after you. There! Go along with you!"

They went along. Not arm in arm, or hand in hand, or interchanging bright glances; but, she in tears; he gloomy and down-looking. Were these the hearts that had so lately

made old Toby's leap up from its faintness? No, no. The alderman (a blessing on his head!) had put 'em down.

"As you happen to be here," said the alderman to Toby, "you shall carry a letter for me. Can you be quick? You're an old man."

Toby, who had been looking after Meg, quite stupidly, made shift to murmur out that he was very quick and very strong.

"How old are you?" inquired the alderman.

"I'm over sixty, sir," said Toby.

"Oh! This man's a great deal past the average age, you know," cried Mr. Filer, breaking in as if his patience would bear some trying, but this really was carrying matters a little too far.

"I feel I'm intruding, sir," said Toby. "I—I misjudged it this morning. Oh, dear me!"

The alderman cut him short by giving him the letter from his pocket. Toby had got a shilling too; but Mr. Filer clearly showing that in that case he would rob a certain number of persons of ninepence-half-penny apiece, he only got sixpence; and thought himself very well off to get that.

Then the alderman gave an arm to each of his friends, and walked off in high feather; but he immediately off came hurrying back alone, as if he had forgotten something:

"Porter!" said the alderman.

"Sir!" said Toby.

"Take care of that daughter of yours. She's much too handsome."

Even her good looks are stolen from somebody or other I suppose," thought Toby, looking at the sixpence in his hand, and thinking of the tripe.

"She's been and robbed five hundred ladies of a bloom apiece, I shouldn't wonder. It's very dreadful!"

"She's much too handsome, my man," repeated the alderman. "The chances are, that she'll come to no good, I clearly see. Observe what I say. Take care of her!" With which he hurried off again.

"Wrong every way. Wrong every way!" said Toby, clasping his hands.

"Born bad. No business here!"

The chimes came clashing upon him as he listened. Full, loud, and sounding—but with no encouragement. No, not a drop.

"The tune's changed," cried the old man, as he listened. There's not a word of all that fancy in it. Why should there be? I have no business with the new year nor with the old one neither. Let me die!"

Still the bells, pealing forth their changes, make the very air spin. "Put 'em down, put 'em down! Good old times, good old times! Facts

and figures, facts and figures! Put 'em down, put 'em down!" If they said anything they said this, until the brain of Toby reeled.

He pressed his bewildered head between his hands, as if to keep it from splitting asunder. A well-timed action, as it happened; for finding the letter in one of them, and being by that means reminded of his charge, he fell, mechanically, into his usual trot, and trotted off.

SECOND QUARTER.

The letter Toby had received from Alderman Cut was addressed to a great man in the greatest district of the town. The greatest district of the town. It must have been the greatest district of the town, because it was commonly called "the world" by its inhabitants.

The letter positively seemed heavier in Toby's hand, than another letter. Not because the alderman had sealed it with a very large coat-of-arms and no end of wax, but because of the weighty name on the superscription, and the ponderous amount of gold and silver with which it was associated.

"How different from us!" thought Toby, in all simplicity and earnestness, as he looked at the direction. "Divide the lively tories in the hills of mortality, by the number of gentlfolk able to buy 'em; and whose share does he take but his own?" As to snatching tripe from anybody's mouth, he'd scorn it!"

With the involuntary homage due to such an exalted character, Toby interposed a corner of his apron between the letter and his fingers.

"His children," said Toby, and a mist rose before his eyes: "his daughters—gentlemen may win their hearts and marry them: they may be happy wives and mothers; they may be handsome like my darling M—e—"

He couldn't finish her name. The final letter swelled in his throat, to the size of the whole alphabet.

"Never mind," thought Toby. "I know what I mean. That's more than enough for me." And with this consolatory ruminations, trotted on.

It was a hard frost, that day. The air was bracing, crisp, and clear. The wintry sun, though powerless for warmth, looked brightly down upon the ice it was too weak to melt, and set a radiant glory there. At other times, Trotty might have learned a poor man's lesson from the wintry sun; but, he was past that now.

(Continued on Page 12.)

STERLING SILVERWARE

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HAIR BRUSHES

EVERSHARP PENCILS

FOUNTAIN PENS

POCKET KNIVES

FRUIT KNIVES

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BLOUSES, JUMPERS

LEATHER and SILK BAGS

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THE CHINA MAIL

EXTRA

HONGKONG SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1921.

TO-DAY'S CABLES.

(Ruter's Services to the China-Mail)

BRITISH TRADE.

SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.

LONDON, December 9.

The Board of Trade returns for November show imports at £89,000,000 compared with £144,000,000 for November last year; and exports £63,000,000 compared with £119,000,000. This is a slight improvement equalising £5,000,000 imports and £1,000,000 exports, however, compared with the longer month of October, 1921.

REPARATIONS DISCUSSIONS.

BRIAND GOING TO LONDON.

LONDON, December 9.

As an outcome of the reparations discussions in London between Sir Robert Horne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and M. Léchev, the Minister of Reconstruction, the latter is returning to Paris bearing an invitation to M. Briand to come to England to exchange views with Mr. Lloyd George.

LATER.

M. Briand has agreed to come to London before Christmas to discuss reparations.

ORIENTALS BANNED.

LEGISLATION QUESTIONED.

OTTAWA, December 9.

The Dominion Government has referred to the Supreme Court the question of its power to disallow the British Columbia legislation prohibiting the employment of Chinese and Japanese on provincial government contracts.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Police Inspector Edwin John Cotton has been appointed Sanitary Inspector for Stanley.

Capt. L. Mc. C. Hussey has gone master of the s.s. "Loong Sang" in place of Capt. Lamble.

The Government's intention to construct a water-boat dock at Laichikok has reached the tender stage.

To-day's *Government Gazette* proclaims Shanghai a place where an infectious or contagious disease prevails.

The investigations in the western approach to the harbour on a line from Green Island to Chung Hue have been completed.

The King's exequatur empowering Mr. Teiji Tsumbokami to act as Consul for Japan here has received His Majesty's signature.

Ex-members of the Royal Regiment of Artillery are reminded that the dinner will be held at the Hongkong Hotel on Oct. 15 at 8 p.m.

Eight pages of to-day's *Government Gazette* are required to print regulations made by the Governor in Council under the Electricity Supply Ordinance.

Among the passengers who sailed by the P. & O. s.s. "Somali" were Lt. Com. Higgins, Eng. Com. Wilkinson, Eng. Lt. Com. Wilkinson, and Pay Com. Boucher.

The rainfall for November at the Botanical Gardens was 2.43 on six days, at the Matilda Hospital, Mount Kelle, it was 0.25 on four days, and at the Police Station, Taipo, it was 0.88 on three days.

Under the legal Practitioners Ordinance the Governor has fixed the examiners' fees for the final examination at \$100 each. This sum must be paid to the Registrar not less than 14 days before the first examination day.

"LOVE'S PRISONER."

A splendid picture this—as elusive and mysterious as the best detective stories, with one exception: special men signed to track criminals do not usually fall in love with their prisoners, as did Jim Garside with Nancy (Olive Thomas) a "beautiful girl" acting as Lady Cleveland and robbing the rich to give to the poor. Nancy paid the penalty of her crimes and when she was released, Jim Garside still claimed her, but this time as his "Love's Prisoner." All this happened at the World Theatre last night, when the picture of that name was screened.

SPECIAL CABLE.

SHANGHAI CHARTER.

RACE CLUB'S SPLENDID DONATIONS.

[*China Mail Special.*]

SHANGHAI, Dec. 10.

Owing to the successful race meetings, the Shanghai Race Club was able to distribute \$92,000 to charities, etc. During the first half of the year \$37,000 was distributed. The total distribution since 1915 amounts to \$985,606. A Shanghai charity trust has been formed by the stewards to reserve proportion of the funds available each half year applied to be invested to the account of the trust.

THREE NEW LIGHTS.

AIDS TO NAVIGATION.

Beginning from to-night three new Aid navigation lights will be exhibited in the following positions:

Tong Ku Island (lat. 22° 22' 45" long. 113° 52' 45"), white flash every 5 seconds.

Tatong Point, Lam Tong Island (lat. 22° 14' 21", long. 114° 17' 77"), white flash every five seconds with red sector showing over Bockhara Rocks from 28 deg. to 37 deg. 1'.

Channel Rocks, in Kowloon Bay (long. 22° 18' 25" lat. 114° 12' 52"), white flash every five seconds.

The art of Tong Ku should prove useful to river steamers and the others will be a big help to navigation coming in from the North.

XMAS GIFT FUND.

MADAME LOTTIE GORDON'S CONCERT.

BANQUE INDUSTRIELLE.

SHANGHAI COMMENT ON HONGKONG MEETING.

Depositors in the Banque Industrielle in Hongkong are growing weary of so many fair promises, in which, by the way, Hongkong has been more prolific than almost any other region, and has resolved to telegraph to Paris and "strongly urge the French Government to redeem its pledged word and issue as soon as possible an official statement as to when the reopening of the Banque or the payment of the depositors may be expected." It is now very nearly a year since spontaneous assurances by the French Government that the bank was solid stopped many depositors from withdrawing their money, and six months since the actual suspension, says the *N.C.D. News*. The dissatisfaction felt with the protracted silence that is to say, as regards any tangible outcome, is wide and deep. "Lloyd's Weekly" put the case in a nutshell on Saturday thus:

What the depositors here want to know is: is there an active, live organization here which has set out to press the claims of local men? Talk costs nothing. What has been done? "Taipan" has held his hand in order not to hinder the men who intended to make the overtures. Men see little hope of getting satisfaction. A policy of "drift" intensifies the impression.

What makes matters worse is that the statements issued about the bank's affairs for consumption in the Far East have been so much at variance with what Home newspaper have published. While out here we have been continually assured that all will yet be well, writers on finance at Home have held and have given reasons for holding the exactly opposite view. If there is no reasonable prospect of the bank paying up, it would be far better to say so outright and be done with it.

CONSIGNEES' NOTICES.

Cargo from the s.s. "Metropole" Mar. not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined on Tuesday and Friday.

Cargo from the s.s. "Bunduran" not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined the same day at 10 a.m. Agents—Gibb Livingston and Co. Ltd.

Cargo from the s.s. "West Prospect" not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined the same day. Agents—Messrs. Struberg and Dixon Inc.

Cargo from the s.s. "Odeko-k" not cleared by Dec. 15 will be subject to rent. Damaged cargo will be examined on Dec. 12 at 10 a.m. A general average having been declared on this ship, so as to be required to make an average agreement and pay deposit of 1 per cent of the value of the goods before bill of lading will be countersigned.

Agents—J.W. Clark and Sons Ltd.

COMPANY MEETING.

CHINA LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY (1918) LTD.

The third ordinary general meeting of the above Company was held at the offices of the Company, St. George's Building, Chater Road, at 11 a.m. on Dec. 10.

Mr. R. G. Shewan was in the Chair, and was supported by the Hon. Sir. Paul Chater, C.M.G., and Messrs. H. P. White and S. S. Perry (Consulting Committee).

The following shareholders were present: Messrs. R. Farrant, A. A. Cordeiro, A. A. Botelho, Tasi Tsan tin, F. J. Tavares J. Toppin, H. H. Taylor, F. M. Ellis, A. S. Ellis and Poon I-cho (acting secretary).

After the secretary had read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen; We have now to lay before you the report and accounts for the year ended 30th September, which, with your permission, we will dispense with reading. With the balance of \$122,873.22 at credit of Profit and Loss Account we propose.

To write off Goodwill Account \$30,000.00

To pay a Dividend of 50 cents per Old share and 40 cents per New share 50,000.00

and to place to the Credit of Bad & Doubtful Debts A/c 40,000.00

and we hope you will approve of this allocation of the profits.

Owing to labour and other difficulties at home, the new plant did not reach us until long after it was due, and the new factory at Hok Un was consequently not completed until the end of September. In the meantime we had to do the best we could with our old engine, which could not cope with all the business we were offered. Our income also was materially affected by the reduction in our charge for lighting, so that we were working at a considerable disadvantage throughout the year. But in spite of these handicaps, our earnings show a slight increase, and now that our new installation is all erected and in full swing, with a good demand for both light and power, we have every reason to look forward to a steady increase in our business in future.

With regard to the Accounts there is nothing in them that calls for special remark, as they are set out in considerable detail and speak for themselves. There will, however, be some changes to be made in the ensuing year as our assets will include the new land at Hoi Un which we have obtained in exchange for the old factory plus \$10,000 to cover the old buildings which the Government take over. None of this affects the present accounts as we had not then completed the transfer of the old property but after that is done we shall take the opportunity of readjusting the values of the land, buildings and machinery, which have all been more or less affected by the alterations and additions necessitated by the change of factory and the transfer of the old plant to the new site.

It has taken a good deal of money to effect the transfer of the factory and to purchase and erect the new machinery in addition to the cost of putting our main lines underground, and you will notice that to provide the necessary funds we had to borrow on Debentures, to the extent of \$638,484.50. However, our present Capital expenditure is now at an end, and, as earnings increase, we shall be able to reduce our indebtedness accordingly.

As for the future, I can say no more than that our prospects seem very good indeed, and, as Kowloon continues to develop, so should our business over there expand.

I now propose that the Report and Accounts as presented be adopted and passed, and that the profit for the year be distributed as proposed.

When that has been seconded, I shall be very pleased to answer any questions from Shareholders.

The Hon. Sir Paul Chater seconded and the motion was carried unanimously.

On the proposal of Mr. H. H. Taylor, seconded by Mr. A. A. Cordeiro, and the Hon. Sir Paul Chater and Messrs. H. P. White, S. S. Perry and T. F. Hough were unanimously re-elected members of the Consulting Committee for the ensuing year.

Messrs. Linthead and Davies and Messrs. Lowe, Bingham and Mathews were re-elected auditors for the ensuing year on the proposal of Mr. S. S. Perry, seconded by Mr. H. P. White.

The Chairman said: That is all the business, gentlemen. I thank you for your attendance. Dividend warrants will be issued as soon as possible.

After the meeting, the Hon. Sir Paul Chater and Mr. H. H. Taylor

HONGKONG WOMEN'S GUILD.

FINE RESULT OF THE RECENT BAZAAR.

The total proceeds of the recent Bazaar and of entertainments held during the year amount to \$16,428.38. This sum has been allocated by the Committee as follows:

HOME CHARITIES.

Hongkong Cat at M.C.L.

Home, Ottershaw,

Surrey \$2,500.00

Trafalgar Home for

Orphans, Portsmouth 1,250.00

Merchant Service Guild

for Widows and

Orphans 1,250.00

Royal Soldiers' Daughters' Home,

Hampstead 1,250.00

The Orphan Homes of

Scotland (Quarier's) 750.00

Officers' Families Fund

Eveline Hospital for

Children, Southwark, S. E. 1,500.00

The Children's Ward of

the London Hospital 1,500.00

Total \$10,500.00

LOCAL CHARITIES.

French Convent 100.00

Italian Convent 350.00

Nethersole Hospital 100.00

London Mission Training

School 200.00

Baxter Mission Day Schools

Village School Fund (Miss Pitts) 400.00

Pairle School (C.M.S.)

Bonham Road 400.00

C.M.S. Victoria Home and

Orphanage (Miss Storr) 1,000.00

Blind Home, Kowloon

(\$1,000 special donation

for building fund) 2,000.00

Total \$5,850.00

Grand Total 16,350.00

Balance in hand 78.32

\$16,428.38

LADY STUMPS.

President.

Mrs. R. B. YOUNG,

Hon. Secretary.

Lady STUART-TAYLOR,

Hon. Treasurer.

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(for Invalids)

"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 12)

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure!" said Trotty, pulling up his hat in great confusion, and between the hat and the torn lining, fixing his head into a kind of bee-hive. "I hope I haven't hurt you."

As to hurting anybody, Toby was not such an absolute Samson, but that he was much more likely to be hurt himself; and, indeed, he had flown out into the road like a shuttlecock. He had such an opinion of his own strength, however, that he was in real concern for the other party; and said again—

"I hope I haven't hurt you?"

The man against whom he had run—a sun-browned, sinewy, country-looking man, with grizzled hair, and a rough chin—stared at him for a moment, as if he suspected him to be in jest. But, satisfied of his good faith, he answered—

"No, friend. You have not hurt me."

"Nor the child, I hope?" said Trotty.

"Nor the child," returned the man.

"I thank you kindly."

As he said so, he glanced at a little girl he carried in his arms, asleep; and shading her face with the long end of the poor handkerchief he wore about his throat, went slowly on.

The tone in which he said, "I thank you kindly," penetrated Trotty's heart. He was so jaded and fatigued, and so soiled with travel, and looked about him so forlorn and strange, that it was a comfort to him to be able to thank any one: no matter for how little. Toby stood gazing after him as he plodded wearily away, with the child's arm clinging round his neck.

At the figure in the worn shoes—now the very shade and ghost of shoes—rough leather leggings, common frock, and broad slouched hat, Trotty stood gazing, blind to the whole street. And at the child's arm, clinging round its neck.

Before he merged into darkness the traveller stopped; and looking round, and seeing Trotty standing there yet, seemed undecided whether to return or go on. After doing first the one and then the other, he came back, and Trotty went half way to meet him.

"You can tell me, perhaps," said the man, with a faint smile—"and if you can I am sure you will, and I'd rather ask you than another—where Alderman Cutt lives."

"Close at hand," replied Toby.

"I'll show you his house with pleasure."

"I was to have gone to him elsewhere to-morrow," said the man, accompanying Toby, "but I'm uneasy under suspicion, and want to clear myself, and to be free to go and see my bread—I don't know where, So, maybe he'll forgive my going to his house to-night."

"It's impossible," cried Toby, with a start, "that your name's Fern!"

"En!" cried the other, turning on him in astonishment.

"Fern! Will Fern!" said Trotty.

"That's my name," replied the other.

"Why, then," cried Trotty, seizing him by the arm, and looking cautiously round, "for Heaven's sake

don't go to him! Don't go to him! He'll put you down as sure as ever you were born. He's come up this alley, and I'll tell you what I mean. Don't go to him!"

His new acquaintance looked as if he thought him mad; but he bore him company nevertheless. When they were shrouded from observation, Trotty told him what he knew, and what character he had received, and all about it.

The subject of his history listened to it with a calmness that surprised him. He did not contradict or interrupt it, once. He nodded his head now and then—more in corroboration of an old and worn-out story, it appeared, than in refutation of it; and once or twice threw back his hat, and passed his freckled hand over a brow, where every furrow he had ploughed seemed to have set its image in little. But he did no more.

"It's true enough in the main," he said, "master; I could sit grain from husk here and there, but let it be as 'tis. What odds? I have gone against his plans; to my misfor' un. I can't help it; I should do the like to-morrow. As to character, them gentlefolks will search and search and pry and pry, and have it as free from spot or speck in us, afore they'll help us to a dry good word! Well! I hope they don't lose good opinion as easy as we do, or their lives is strict indeed, and hardly worth the keeping. For myself, master, I never took with that hand—holding it before him—"what wasn't my own; and never held it back from work, however hard, or poorly paid. Whoever can deny it, let him chop it off! But when work won't maintain me like a human creature; when my living is so bad, that I am hungry, out of doors and in; when I see a whole working life begin that way, go on that way, and end that way, without a chance or change; then I say to the gentlefolks

"Keep away from me! Let my cottage be. My doors is dark enough without your darkening 'em more. Don't look for me to come up into the park to help the show when there's a birthday, or a fine speech-making or, what not. Act your plays and games without me, and be welcome to 'em and enjoy 'em. We've nowt to do with one another. I'm best left alone!"

Seeing that the child in his arms had opened her eyes, and was looking about her in wonder, he checked himself to say a word or two of foolish prattle in her ear, and stand her on the ground beside him. Then slowly winding one of her long tresses round and round his rough forefinger like a ring, while she hung about his dusty leg, he said to Trotty—

"I'm not a cross-grained man by nature, I believe; and easily satisfied, I'm sure. I bear no ill-will against none of 'em. I only want to live like one of the Almighty's creatures. I can't—I don't—and so there's pit dug between me and them that can and do. There's others like me. You might tell 'em off by hundreds and by thousands, sooner than by ones!"

Trotty knew he spoke the truth in this, and shook his head to signify as much.

"I've got a bad name this way," said Fern; "and I'm not likely, I'm afraid, to get a better. 'Tain't lawful to be out of sorts, and I AM out of sorts, though God knows I'd sooner hear a cheerful spirit if I could. Well! I don't know as this alderman could hurt me much by sending me to jail; but without a friend to speak a word for me, he might do it; and you see—!" pointing downward with his finger, at the child.

"She has a beautiful face," said Trotty.

"Why, yes!" replied the other, in a low voice, as he gently turned it up with both his hands towards his own, and looked upon it steadfastly. "I've thought so, many times. I've thought so, when my heart was very cold, and cupboard very bare. I thought so 't other night, when we were taken like two thieves. But they—they shouldn't try the little face too often, should they, Lillian? That's hardly fair upon a man!"

He sank his voice so low, and gazed upon her with an air so stern and stately, that Toby, to divert the cur, of his thoughts, inquired of his where he were living.

"I never had one," he returned, shaking his head. "She's my brother's child: an orphan. Nine year old, though you'd hardly think it; but she's tired and worn out now. They'd

have taken care on her, the union—eight-and-twenty miles away, from where we live—between four walls (as they took care of my old father when he couldn't work no more, though he didn't trouble 'em long); but I took her instead, and she's lived with me ever since. Her mother had a friend once, in London here. We are trying to find her, and to find work, too; but it's a large place, Never mind. More room for us to walk about in; Lilly!"

Meeting the child's eyes with a smile which melted Toby more than tears, he shook him by the hand.

"I don't so much as know your name," he said, "but I've opened my heart free to you, for I'm thankful to you; with good reason. I'll take your advice, and keep clear of this—"

"Justice," suggested Toby.

"Ah!" he said. "If that's the name they give him. This justice, And to-morrow will try whether there's better fortun' to be met with, somewhere near London. Good-night. A happy New Year!"

"Stay!" cried Trotty, catching at his hand, as he relaxed his grip. "Stay! The new year never can be happy to me, if we part like this. The new year never can be happy to me, if I see the child and you go wandering away, you don't know where, without a shelter for your heads. Come home with me! I'm a poor man, living in a poor place; but I can give you lodging for one night and never miss it. Come home with me! Here! I'll take her!" cried Trotty, lifting up the child. "A pretty one! I'd carry twenty times her weight, and never know I'd got it. Tell me if I go too quick for you. I'm very fast. I always was!"

Trotty, taking about six of his trotting paces to one stride of his fatigued companion; and with his thin legs quivering again, beneath the load he bore.

"Why, she's as light," said Trotty, trotting in his speech as well as in his gait; for he couldn't bear to be thanked, and dreaded a moment's pause; "as light as a feather. Lighter than a peacock's feather—a great deal lighter. Here we are, and here we go! Round this first turning to the right. Uncle Will, and past the pump, and sharp off up the passage to the left, right opposite the publichouse. Here we are, and here we go. Cross over, Uncle Will, and mind the kidney pie man at the corner! Here we are, and here we go! Down the Mews here, Uncle Will, and stop at the black door, with 'T. Veck, Ticket Porter,' wrote upon a board; and here we are, and here we go, and

here we are indeed, my precious Meg, surprising you!"

With which words Trotty, in a breathless state, set the child down in the floor. The little visitor looked once at Meg: and doubling nothing in that face, but trusting everything she saw there ran into her arms.

"Here we are and here we go!" cried Trotty, running round the room and choking audibly. "Here, Uncle Will, here's the fire you know! Why don't you come to the fire? Oh, here we are, and here we go! Meg, my precious darling, where's the kettle? Here it is and here it goes, and it'll boil in no time!"

Trotty really had picked up the kettle somewhere or other in the course of his wild career, and now put it on the fire; while Meg, seating the child in a warm corner, kneeled down on the ground before her, and pulled off her shoes, and dried her wet feet on a cloth. Ay, and she laughed at Trotty too—so pleasantly, so cheerfully, that Trotty could have blessed her where she kneeled; for he had seen that when they entered, she was sitting by the fire in tears.

"Whv, father!" said Meg. "You're crazy to-night, I think. I don't know what the bells would say to that. Poor little feet! How cold they are!"

"Oh, they're warmer now!" exclaimed the child. "They're quite warm now!"

"No, no, no," said Meg. "We haven't rubbed 'em hard enough. We're so busy. So busy! And when they're done, we'll brush out the damp hair; and when that's done, we'll bring some colour to the poor pale face with fresh water; and when that's done we'll be so gay, and brisk, and happy—"

The child, in a burst of sobbing, clasped her round the neck; caressed her fair cheek with its hand; and said, "Oh, Meg! oh, dear Meg!"

Toby's blessing could have done no more. Who could do more!

"Why, father!" cried Meg, after a pause.

"Here I am, and here I go, my dear!" said Trotty.

"Good gracious me!" cried Meg. "He's crazy! He's put the dear child's bonnet on the kettle, and hung the lid behind the door!"

"I didn't go to do it, my love," said Trotty, hastily repairing this mistake. "Meg, my dear?"

Meg looked towards him and saw that he had elaborately stationed himself behind the chair of their male visitor, where with many mysterious gestures he was holding up the sixpence he had earned.

"I see, my dear," said Trotty. "I was coming in, half an ounce of tea

lying somewhere on the stairs; and I'm pretty sure there was a bit of bacon too. As I don't remember where it was, exactly, I'll go myself and try to find 'em."

With this inscrutable artifice, Toby withdrew to purchase the viands he had spoken of, for ready-money, at Mrs. Chickenstalkers; and presently came back, pretending that he had not been able to find them, at first, in the dark.

"But here they are at last," said Trotty, setting out the tea-things. "All correct! I was pretty sure it was tea, and a rasher. So it is, Meg, my pet, if you'll just make the tea, while your unworthy father toasts the bacon, we shall be ready, immediate. It's a curious circumstance," said Trotty, proceeding in his cookery, with the assistance of the toasting-fork, "curious, but well known to my friends, that I never care, myself, for rashes, nor for tea. I like to see other people enjoy 'em," said Trotty, speaking very loud, to impress the fact upon his guest; "but to me, as food, they're disagreeable."

Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hissing bacon—ah!—as if he unconsciously what he saw expressed in his daughter's face. "Take her with you Meg. Get her to bed. There! Now, Will, I'll show you where you lie. It's not much of a place—only a loft; but having a loft, I always say, is one of the great conveniences of living in a mews; and till this coach-house and stable gets a better let, we live here cheap. There's plenty of sweet hay up there, belonging to a neighbour; and it's as clean as hands, and Meg, can make it. Cheer up! Don't give way. A new year, always!"

The hand released from the child's hair, had fallen trembling, into Trotty's hand. So Trotty, talking without intermission, led him out as tenderly and easily as if he had been a child himself.

Returning before Meg, he listened for an instant at the door of her little chamber; an adjoining room. The child was murmuring a simple prayer before lying down to sleep; and when she had remembered Meg's name, "dearly, dearly"—so her words ran—Trotty heard her stop and ask for.

It was some short time before the foolish little old fellow could compose himself to mend the fire, and draw his chair to the warm' heart. But, when he had done so, and had trimmed the light, he took his newspaper from his pocket, and began to read.

Carelessly at first, and skimming up and down the columns; but with an earnest and a sad attention, very soon.

Mightily delighted, Trotty was, when the child went timidly towards him, and having kissed him, fell back upon Meg again.

"She's as sensible as Solomon," said Trotty. "Here we come, and her we—no, we don't—I don't mean that—I—what was I saying, Meg, my precious?"

Meg looked towards their guest, who leaned upon her chair, and with his face turned from her, fondled the child's head, half hidden in her lap.

"To be sure," said Toby. "To be sure! I don't know what I'm rambling on about, to-night. My wits are wool-gathering, I think. Will Fern, you come along with me. You're tired to death, and broken down for want of rest. You come along with me!"

The man still played with the child's curls, still leaned upon Meg's chair, still turned away his face. He didn't speak, but in his rough coarse fingers, clenching and expanding in the fair hair of the child, there was an eloquence that said enough.

"Yes, yes," said Trotty, answering unconsciously what he saw expressed in his daughter's face. "Take her with you Meg. Get her to bed. There! Now, Will, I'll show you where you lie. It's not much of a place—only a loft; but having a loft, I always say, is one of the great conveniences of living in a mews; and till this coach-house and stable gets a better let, we live here cheap. There's plenty of sweet hay up there, belonging to a neighbour; and it's as clean as hands, and Meg, can make it. Cheer up! Don't give way. A new year, always!"

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(Continued on Page 16.)

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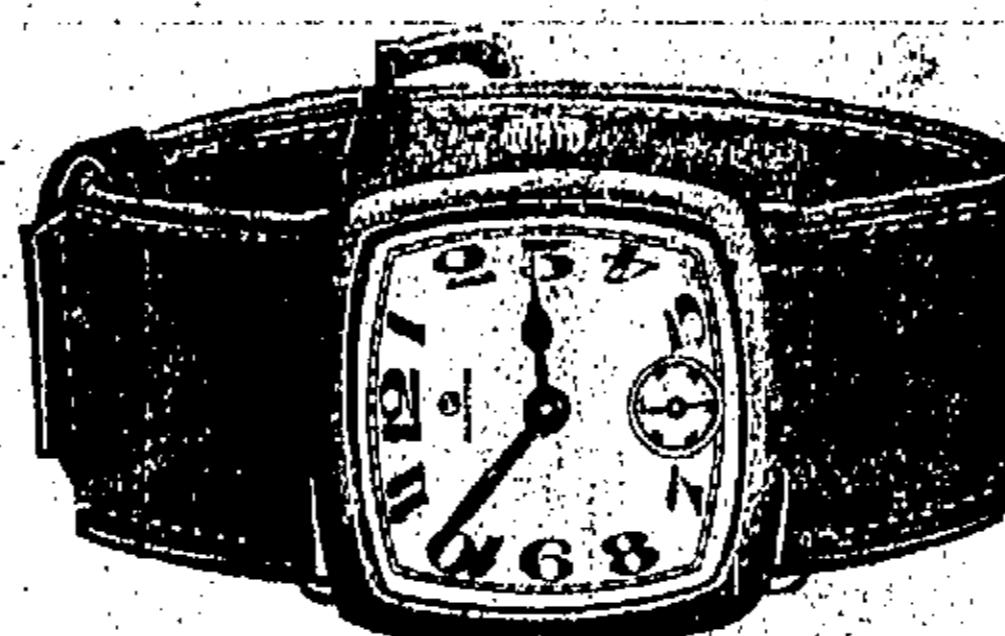
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 14.)

For this same dreaded paper redirected Trotty's thoughts into the channel they had taken all that day, and which the day's events had so marked out and shaped. His interest in the two wanderers had set him on another course of thinking and a happier one, for the time; but being alone again, and reading of the crimes and violences of the people, he relapsed into his former train.

In this mood, he came to an account (and it was not the first he had ever read) of a woman who had laid her desperate hands not only on her own life but on that of her young child. A crime so terrible, and so revolting to his soul, dilated with the love of Meg, that he let the journal drop, and fell back on his chair, ap-palled.

"Unnatural and cruel!" Toby cried. "Unnatural and cruel! None but people who were bad at heart, born bad, who had no business on the earth, could do such deeds. It's too true, all I've heard to-day; too just, too full of proof. We're bad!"

The chimes took up the words so suddenly—burst out so loud, and clear, and sonorous—that the bells seemed to strike him in his chair.

And what was that they said?

"Toby Veck, Toby Veck, waiting for you Toby! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, waiting for you Toby! Come and see us, come and see us! Drag him to us, drag him to us! Haunt and hunt him, haunt and hunt him! Break his slumbers, break his slumbers! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, door open wide, Toby! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, door open wide, Toby!"

"Then fiercely back to their impetuous strain again, and ringing in the very bricks and plaster on the walls.

Toby listened. Fancy, fancy! His remorse for having run away from them that afternoon! No, no. Nothing of the kind. Again, again, and yet a dozen times again. "Haunt and hunt him, haunt and hunt him! Drag him to us, drag him to us!" Deafening the whole town.

"Meg," said Trotty softly, tapping at her door. "Do you hear anything?"

"I hear the bells, father. Surely they're very loud to-night."

"Is she asleep?" said Toby, making an excuse for peeping in.

"So peacefully and happily! I can't leave her yet though, father. Look how she holds my hand!"

"Meg!" whispered Trotty. "Listen to the bells!"

She listened, with her face towards him all the time. But it underwent no change. She didn't understand them.

Trotty withdrew, resumed his seat by the fire, and once more listened to himself. He remained here a little time.

It was impossible to bear it; their energy was dreadful.

"If the tower door is really open," said Toby, hastily laying aside his apron, but never thinking of his hat, "what's to hinder me from going up into the steeple and satisfying myself? If it's shut, I don't want any other satisfaction. That's enough."

He was pretty certain as he slipped out quietly into the street that he should find it shut and locked, for he knew the door well, and had so rarely seen it open, that he couldn't reckon above three times in all. It was a low-arched portal, outside the church, in a dark nook behind a column; and had such great iron hinges, and such a monstrous lock, that there was more hinge and lock than door.

But what was his astonishment when, coming bared-headed into the church; and putting his hand into this dark nook, with a certain misgiving that it might be unexpectedly seized, and a shivering propensity to draw it back again; he found that the door, which opened outwards, actually stood ajar!

He thought, on the first surprise, of going back; or of getting a light, or a companion; but his courage aided him immediately, and he determined to ascend alone.

"What have I to fear?" said Trotty. "It's a church! Besides, the ringers may be there, and have forgotten to shut the door.

He went in, feeling his way as he went, like a blind man; for it was very dark. And very quiet, for the chimes were silent.

The dust from the street had blown into the recess; and lying there, heaped up, made it so soft and velvet-like to the foot, that there was something startling, even in that.

The narrow stair was so close to the door, too, that he stumbled at the very first; and shutting the door upon himself, by striking it with his foot, and causing it to rebound back heavily, he couldn't open it again.

This was another reason, however, for going on. Trotty groped his way, and went on. Up, up, up, and round and round; and up, up, up; higher, higher, higher up!

It was a disagreeable staircase for that groping work; so low and narrow, that his groping hand was always touching something; and it often felt so like a man or ghostly figure standing up erect and making

room for him to pass without discovery, that he would rub the smooth wall upward, searching for its face, and downward searching for its feet, while a chill tingling crept all over him. Twice, or thrice, a door, or niche broke the monotonous surface; and then it seemed a gap as wide as the whole church; and he felt on the brink of an abyss, and going to tumble headlong down, until he found the wall again.

Still, up, up, up; and round and round; and up, up, up; higher, higher, higher up!

At length, the dull and stifling atmosphere began to freshen; presently it blew so strong, that he could hardly keep his legs. But he got to an arched window in the tower, breast high, and holding tight, looked down upon the house-tops on the smoking chimneys, on the blur and blotch of lights (towards the place where Meg was wondering where he was, calling to him, perhaps), all knotted up together in a leaven of mist and darkness.

This was the belfry, where the ringers came. He had caught hold of one of the frayed ropes, which giving that it might be unexpectedly seized, and a shivering propensity to draw it back again; he found that the door, which opened outwards, actually stood ajar!

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So, when and how the darkness of the night-black steeple changed to shining light; when and how the solitary tower was peopled with a myriad figures; when and how the whispered "Haunt and hunt him," breathing monotonously through his sleep or swoon, became a voice exclaiming in the waking ears of Trotty, "Break his slumbers"; when and how he ceased to have a sluggish and confused idea that such things were, companioning a host of others that were not; there are no dates or means to tell. But, awake, and standing on his feet upon the boards where he had lately lain, he saw this goblin sight:

He saw the tower, whether his charmed footsteps had brought him, swarming with dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the bells. He saw them leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the bells without a pause. He saw them, round him on the ground; above him, in the air; clambering from him, by the ropes below; looking down upon him from the massive iron-girded beams; peeping upon him, through the chinks and loopholes in the walls; spreading away and away from him in enlarging circles, as the water ripples give place to a huge stone that suddenly comes plashing in among them. He saw them, of all aspects and all shapes. He saw them ugly, handsome, crippled, exquisitely formed. He saw them young, he saw them old; he saw them kind, he saw them cruel, he saw them merry, he saw them grim; he saw them dance, and heard them sing; he saw them tear their hair, and heard them hawl. He saw the air thick with them. He saw them come and go, incessantly. He saw them riding downward, soaring upward, sailing off afar, perching near at hand, all restless and all violently active. Stone, and brick, and slate, and tile, became transparent to him as to them. He saw them in the houses, busy at the sleepers' beds. He saw them soothing people in their dreams; he saw them beating them with knotted whips; he saw them yelling in their ears; he saw them playing softest music on their pillows; he saw them cheering some with the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers; he saw them flashing awful faces on the troubled rest of others, from enchanted mirrors

which they carried in their hands.

He saw these creatures, not only among sleeping men, but waking also, active in pursuits irreconcilable with one another, and possessing of the mind resumes its usual form and lives again, no man—though every man is every day the casket of this type of the great mystery—can tell.

So, when and how the darkness of the night-black steeple changed to shining light; when and how the solitary tower was peopled with a myriad figures; when and how the whispered "Haunt and hunt him," breathing monotonously through his sleep or swoon, became a voice exclaiming in the waking ears of Trotty, "Break his slumbers"; when and how he ceased to have a sluggish and confused idea that such things were, companioning a host of others that were not; there are no dates or means to tell. But, awake, and standing on his feet upon the boards where he had lately lain, he saw this goblin sight:

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which they carried in their hands. Otherwise he would have done so—ay, would have thrown himself, head foremost, from the steeple-top, rather than have seen them watching him with eyes that would have waked and watched, although the pupils had been taken out.

Again, and again, the dread and terror of the lonely place, and of the wild and fearful night that reigned there, touched him like spectral hand. His distance from all help; the long, dark, winding, ghost-besigued way that lay between him and the earth on which men lived; his being high, high, up there, where it had made him dizzy to see the birds fly in the day; cut off from all good people, who at such an hour were safe at home and sleeping in their beds; all this struck coldly through him, not as a reflection, but a bodily sensation. Meantime his eyes and thoughts and fears were fixed upon the watchful figures; which, rendered unlike any figures of this world by the deep gloom and shade, enveloping and enfolding them, as well as by their looks and forms and supernatural, hovering above the floor, were nevertheless as plainly to be seen as were the stalwart oaken frames, cross-pieces, bars and beams, set up there to support the bells. These hemmed them, in a very forest of hewn timber; from the entanglements, intricacies, and depths of which, as from among the boughs of a dead wood blighted for their phantom use, they kept their darksome and unlinking watch.

A blast of air—how cold and shrill—came moaning through the tower. As it died away, the great bell, or the goblin of the great bell, spoke.

"What visitor is this?" it said. The voice was low and deep, and Trotty fancied that it sounded in the other figures as well.

"I thought my name was called by the chimes," said Trotty, raising his hands in an attitude of supplication. "I hardly know why I am here, or how I came. I have listened to the chimes these many years. They have cheered me often."

"And you have thanked them?" said the bell.

"A thousand times!" cried Trotty. "How?"

"I am a poor man," faltered Trotty, "and could only thank them in words."

"And, always so?" inquired the goblin of the bell. "Have you never done us wrong in words?"

"No!" cried Trotty eagerly.

"Never done us foul, and false, and wicked wrong in words?"

"I have!" said Trotty. "Oh, forgive me!"

Trotty was about to answer, "Never!" But he stopped, and was confused.

"The voice of Time," said the phantom, "cries to man, advance! Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life; his progress onward to that goal within its knowledge and its view, and set there, in the period when Time and he began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence, have come and gone—millions uncountable have suffered, lived, and died—to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead, and be the fiercer and the wilder, ever, for its momentary check!"

"I never did so to my knowledge, sir," said Trotty. "It was quite by accident if I did. I wouldn't go to do it, I'm sure."

"Who puts into the mouth of Time, or of its servants?" said the goblin of the bell, "a cry of lamentation for days which have had their trial and their failure, and have left deep traces of it which the blind may see; a cry that only serves the present time, by showing men how much it needs their help when any ear can listen to regrets for such a past—who does this, does a wrong. And you have done that wrong to us, the chimes."

Trotty's first excess of fear was gone. But he had felt tenderly and gratefully towards the bells, as you have seen; and when he heard himself arraigned as one who had offended them so weightily, his heart was touched with penitence and grief.

"If you knew," said Trotty, clasping his hands earnestly—"or perhaps you do know—if you knew how often you have kept me company; how often you have cheered me up when I've been low; how you were quite the plaything of my little daughter Meg (almost the only one she's ever had) when first her mother died, and she and me were left alone; you won't bear malice, for a hasty word!"

"Who hears us in the chimes; one note bespeaking disregard, or stern regard, of any hope, or joy, or pain, or sorrow, of the many-sorrows throng; who hears us make response to any creed that gauges human passions and affections, as it gauges the amount of miserable food on which humanity may pine and wither; does us wrong. That wrong you have done us!" said the bell.

"I have!" said Trotty. "Oh, forgive me!"

(Continued on Page 29.)

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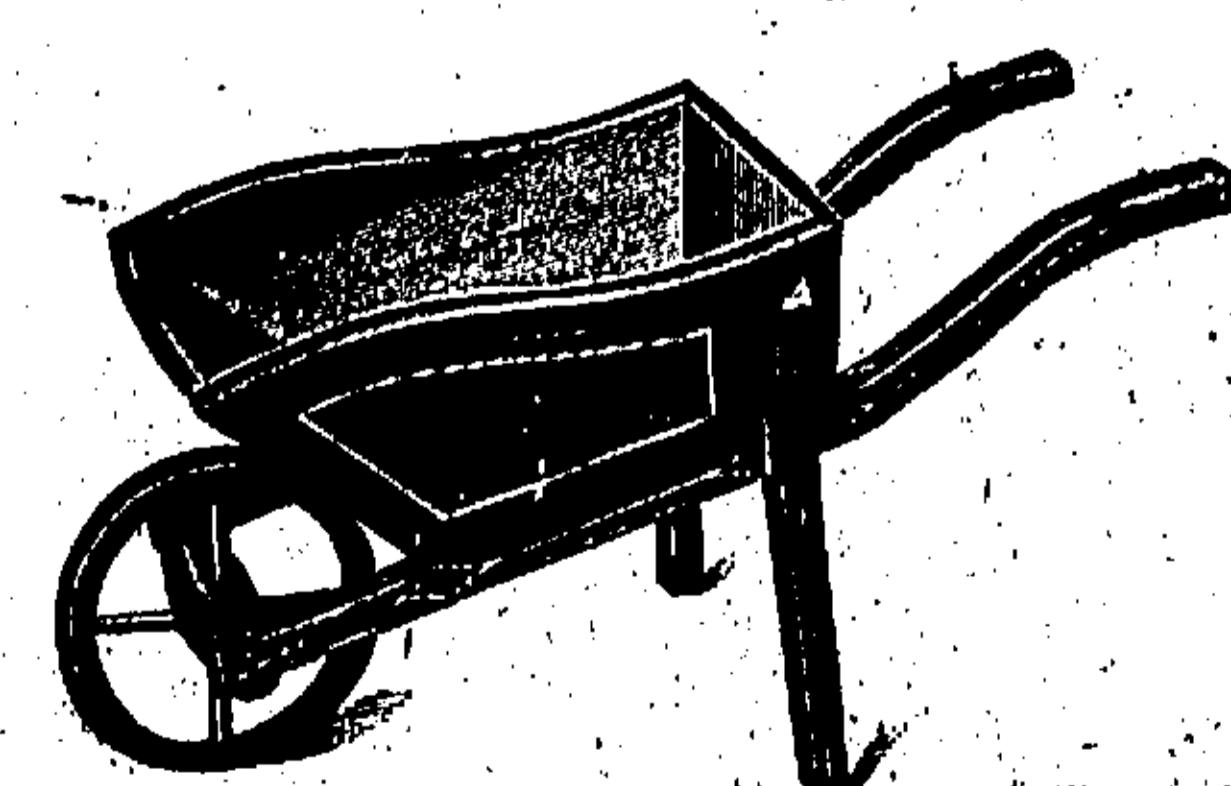
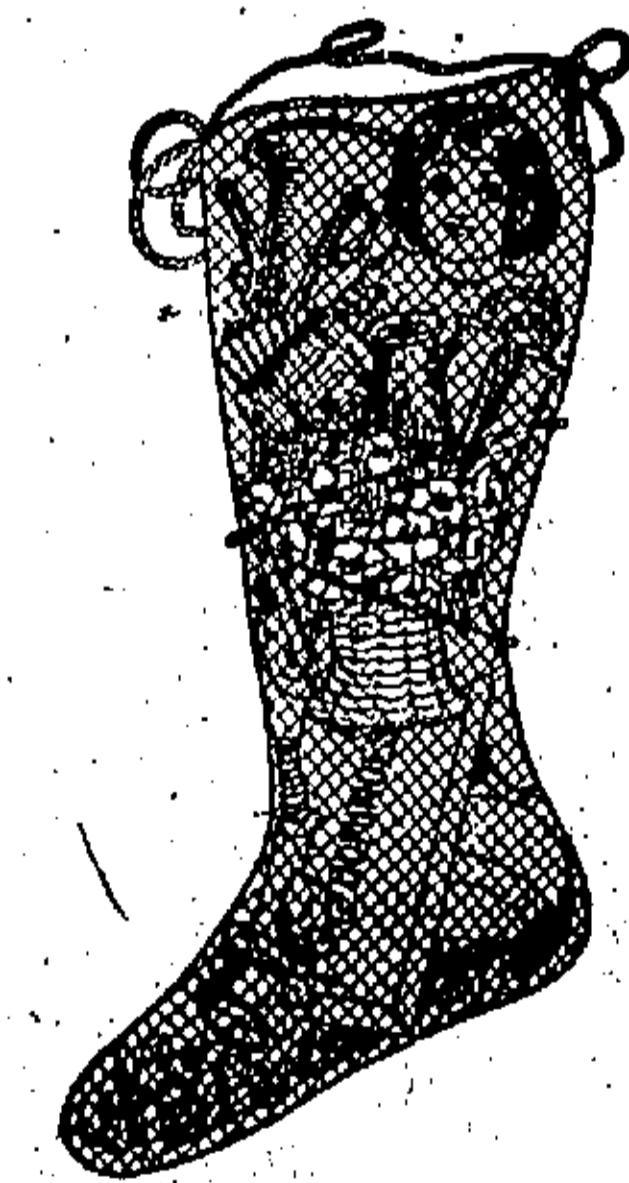
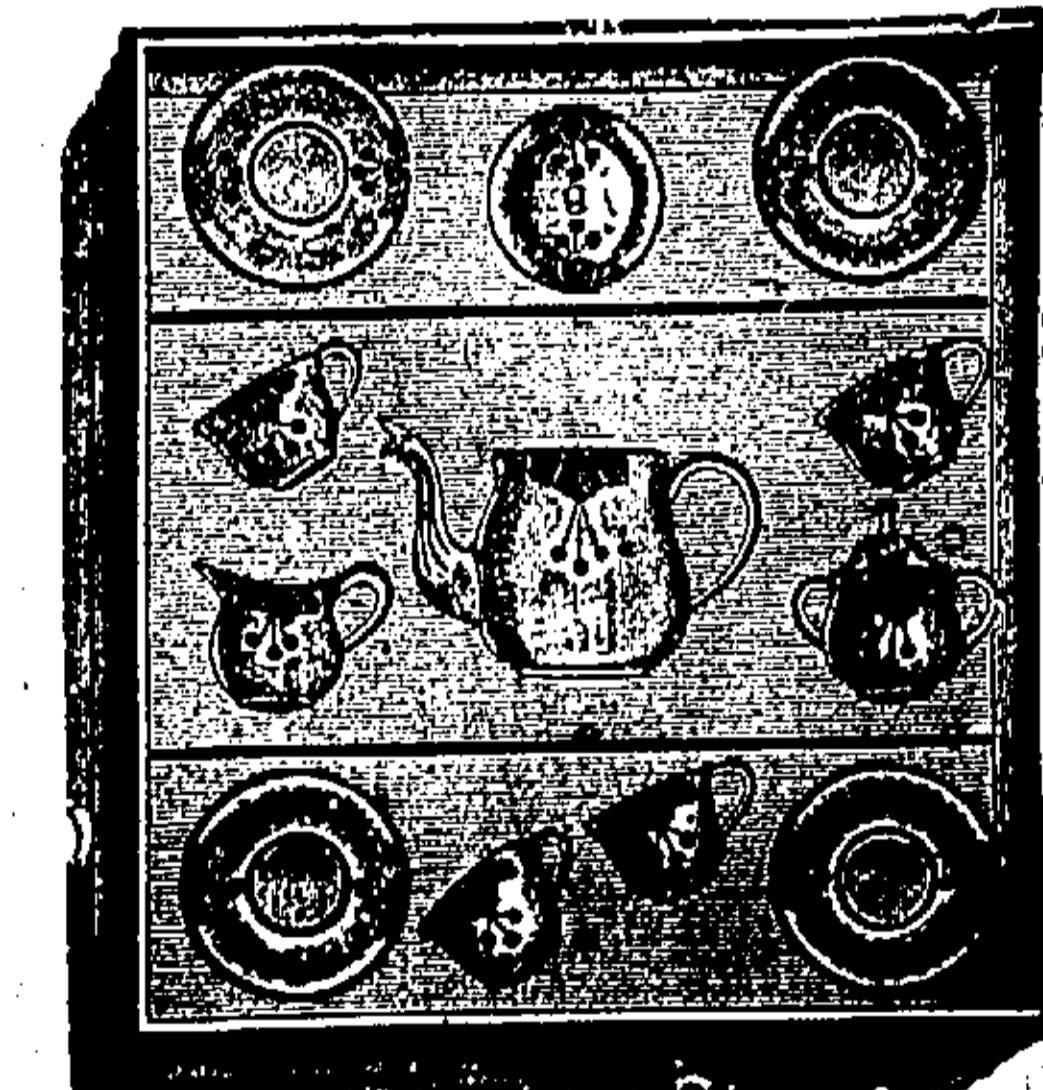
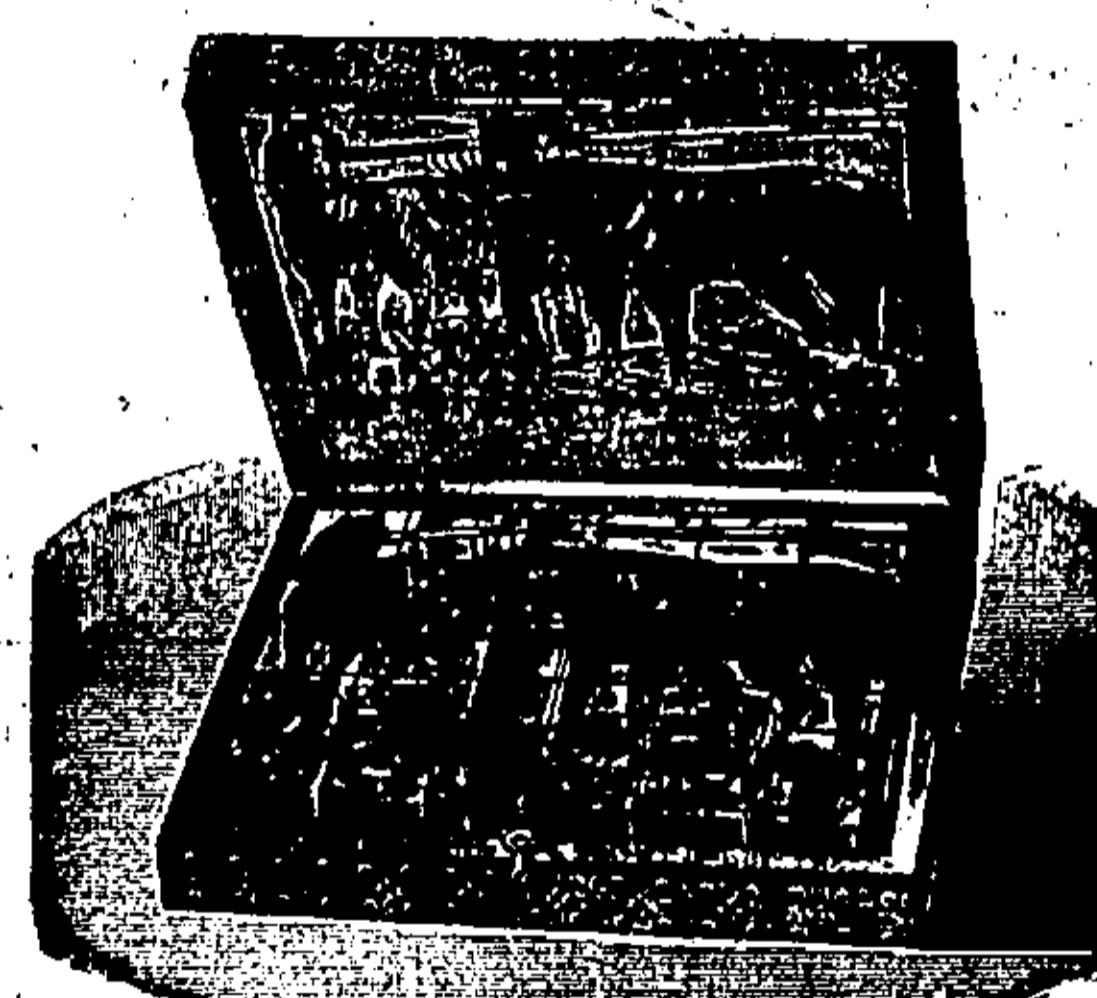
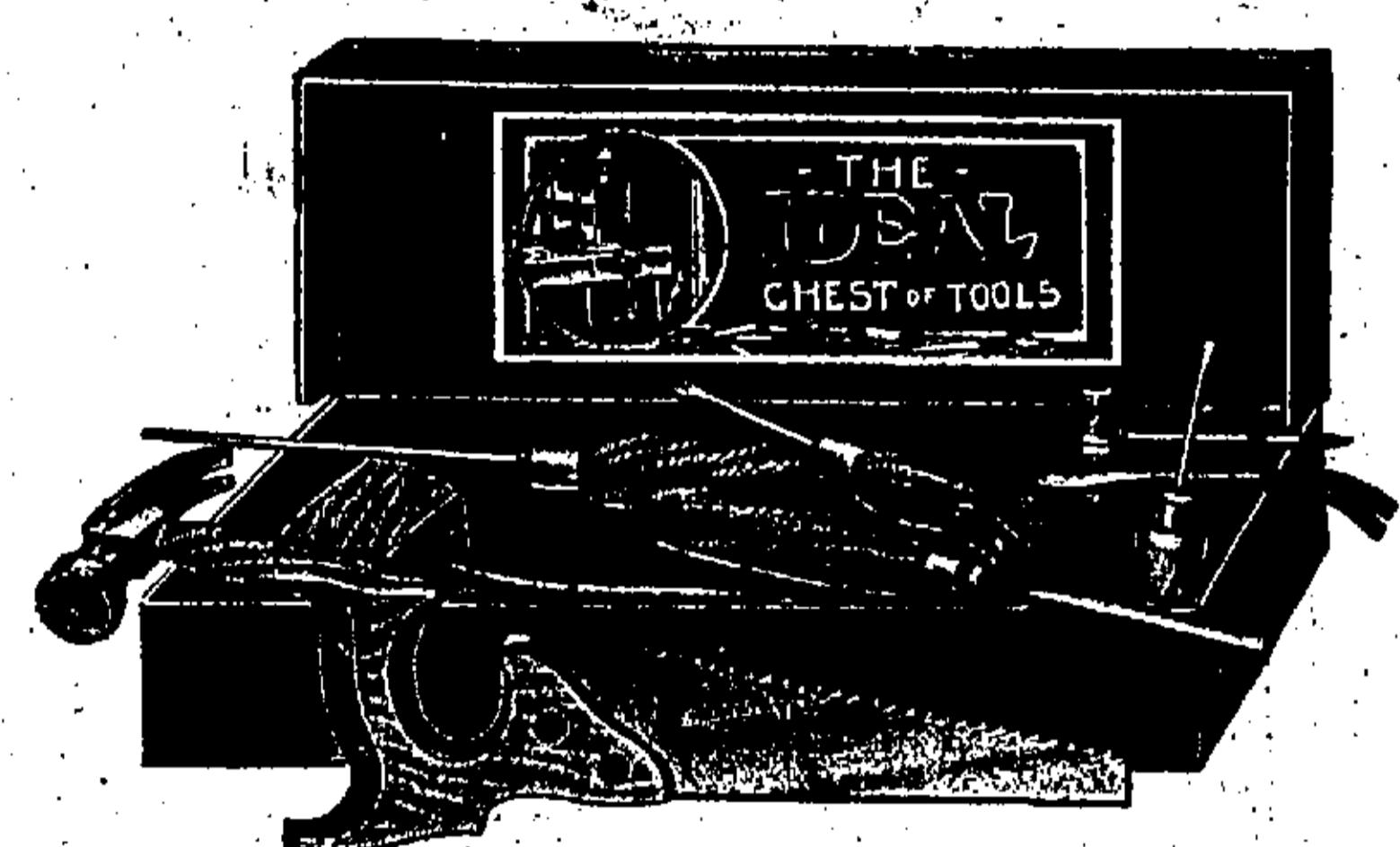
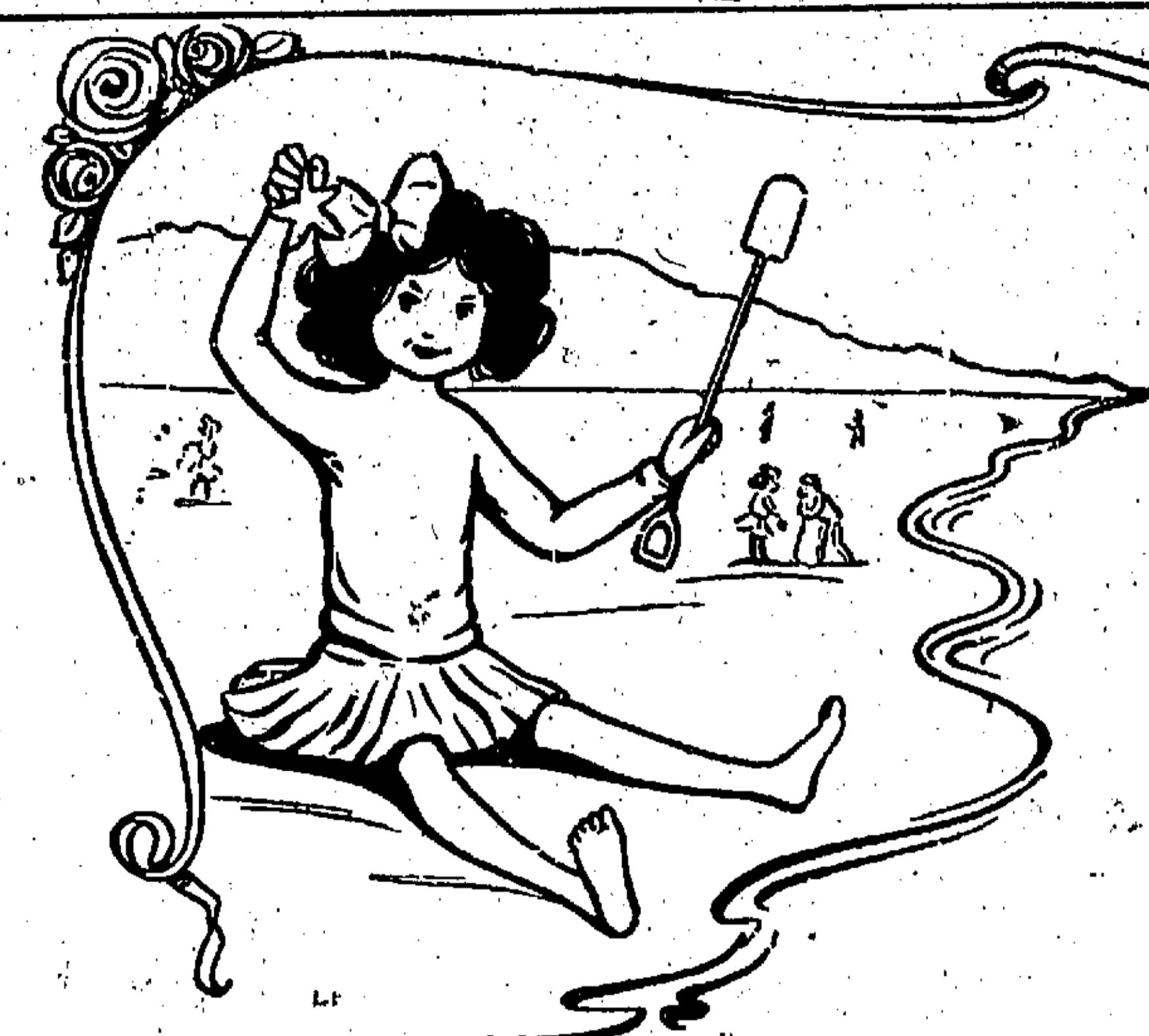
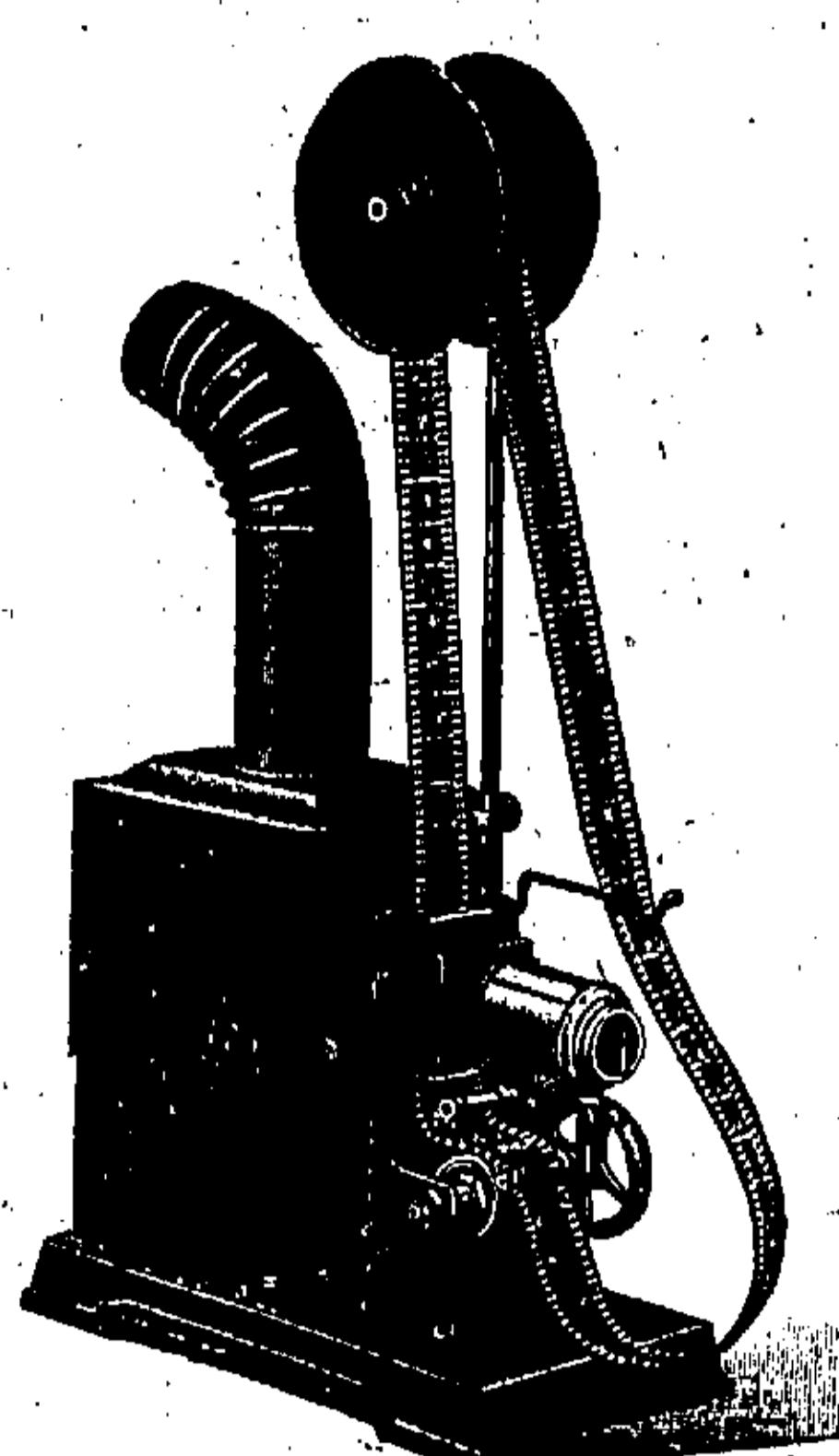
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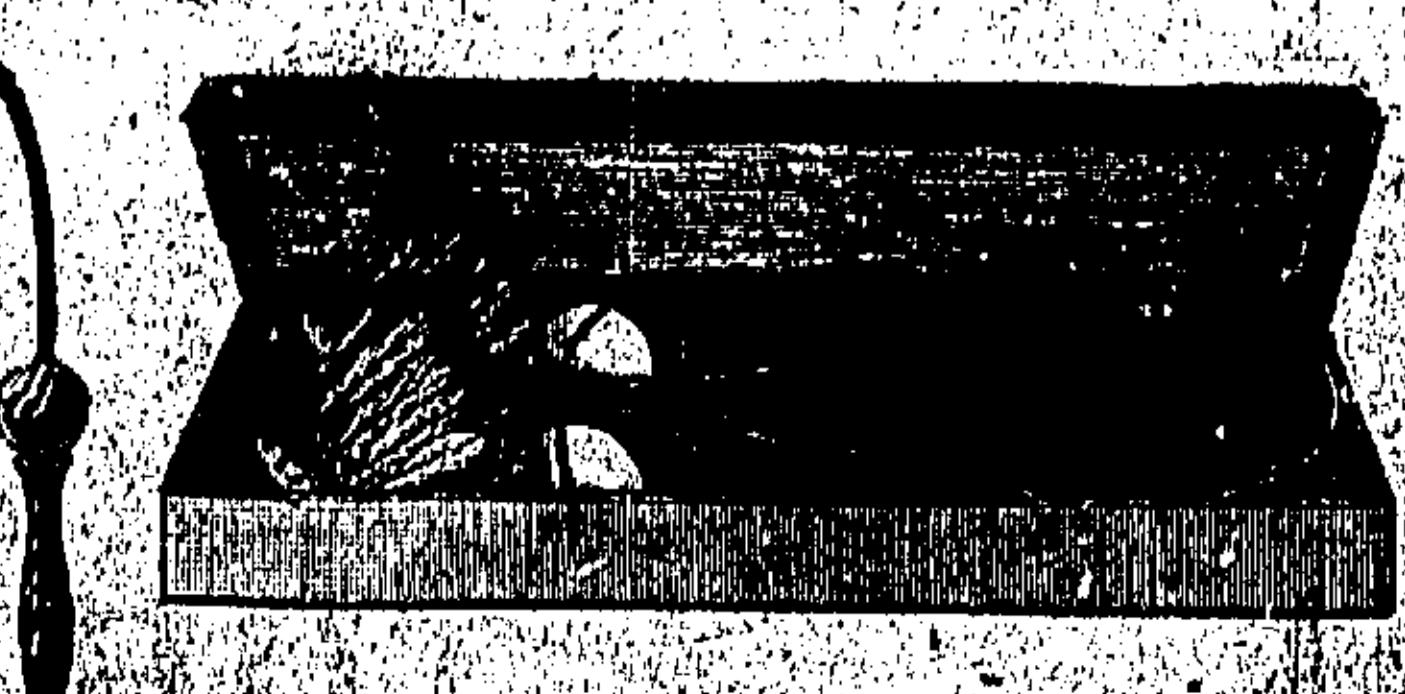
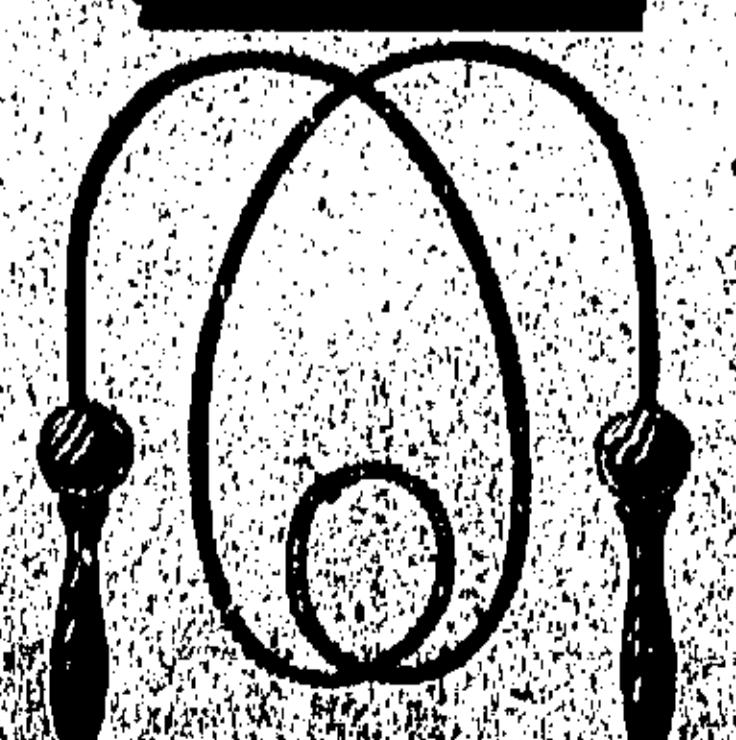
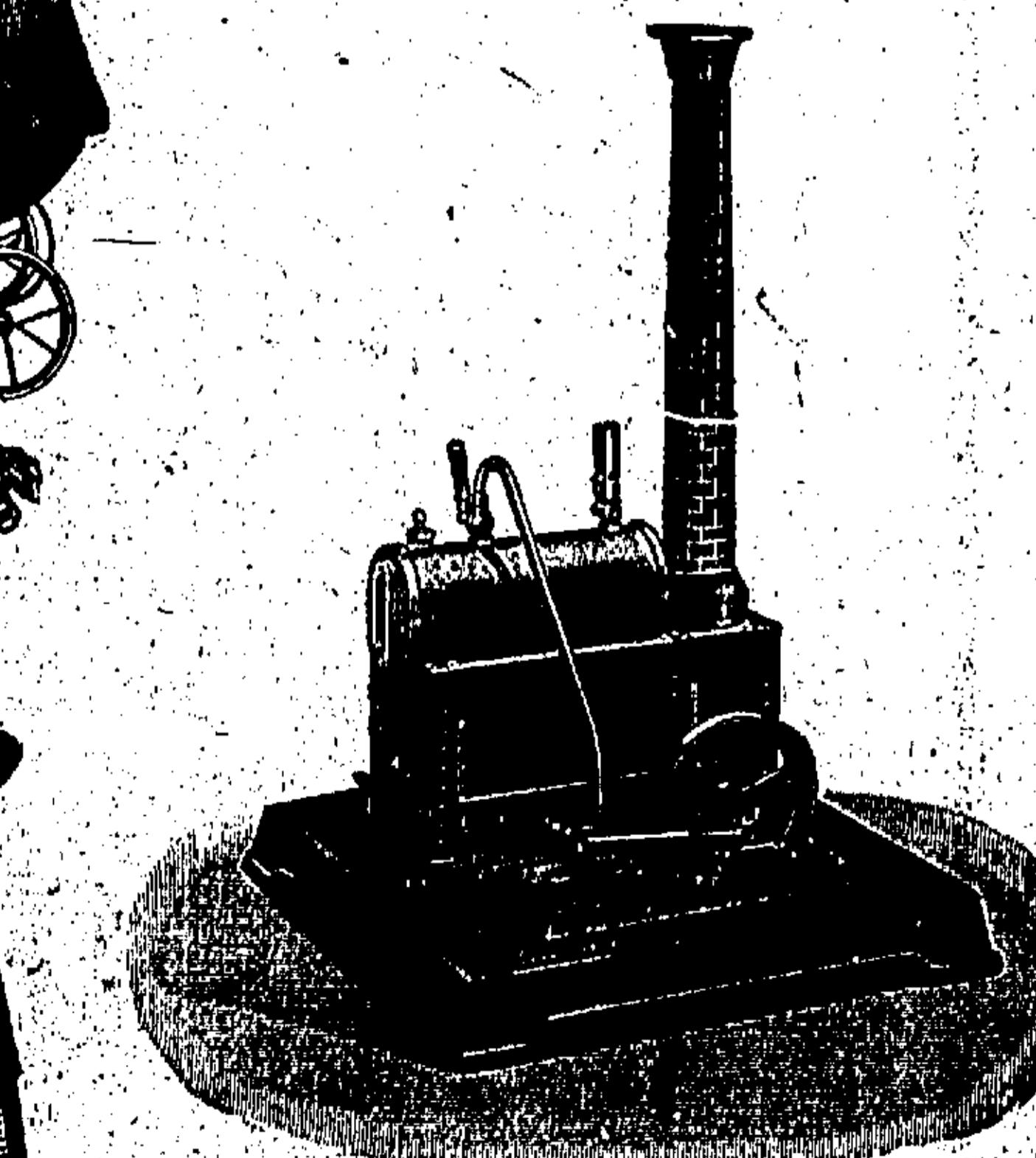
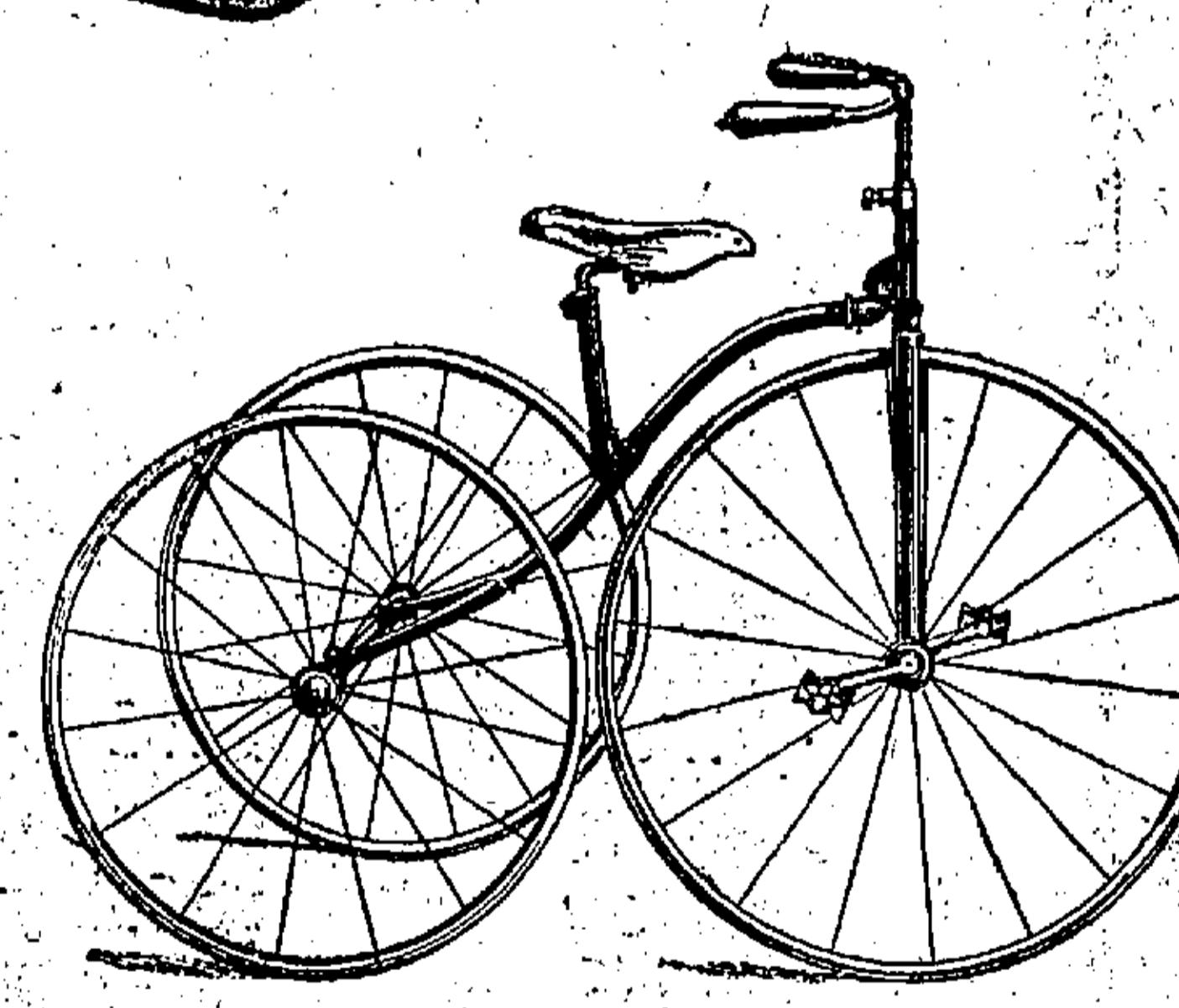
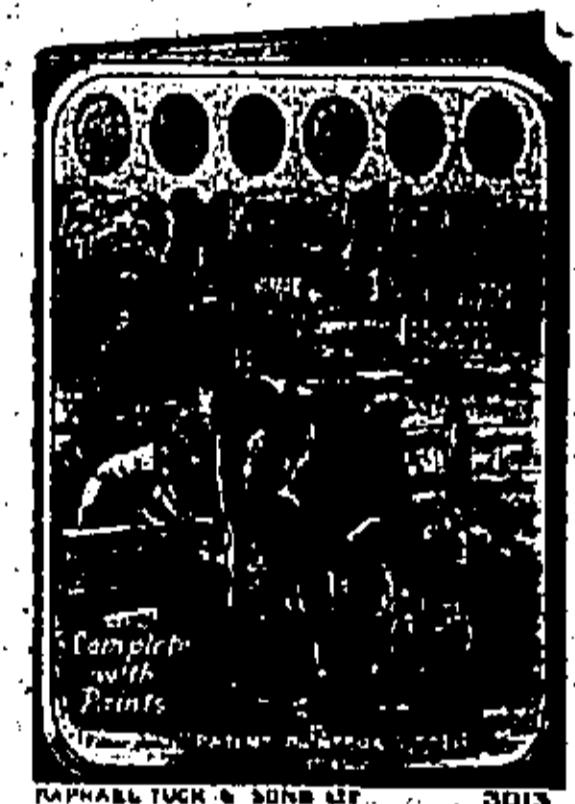
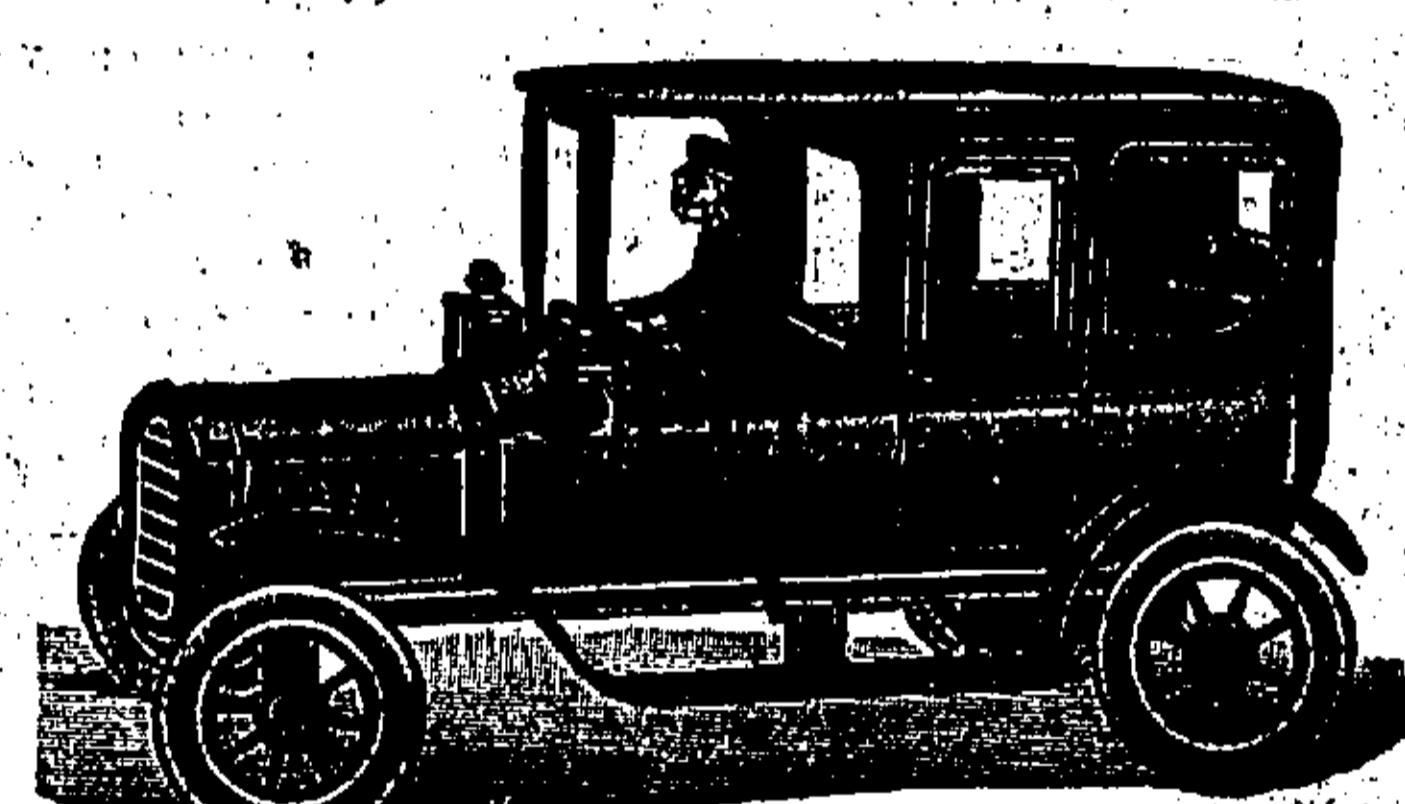
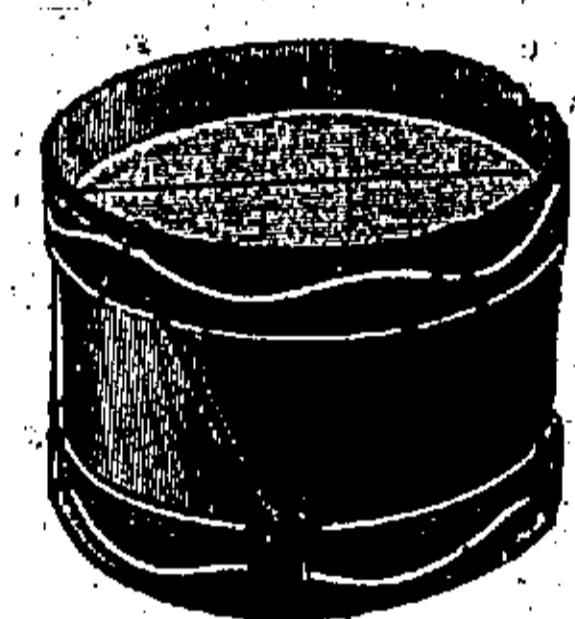
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 16.)

creature dearest to your heart, how bad the bad are born. See every bud and leaf plucked one by one from off the fairest stem, and know how bare and wretched it may be. Follow her! To desperation!"

Each of the shadowy figures stretched its right arm forth, and pointed downward.

"The Spirit of the Chimes is your companion," said the figure. "Go! It stands behind you!"

Trotty turned, and saw—the child! The child Will Fern had carried in the street; the child whom Meg had watched, but now, asleep!

"I carried her myself, to-night," said Trotty. "In these arms!"

"Show him what he calls himself," said the dark figures, one and all.

The tower opened at his feet. He looked down, and beheld his own form, lying at the bottom, on the outside: crushed and motionless.

"No more a living man!" cried Trotty. "Dead!"

"Dead!" said the figures all together.

"Gracious Heaven! And the new year—"

"Past," said the figures.

"What!" he cried, shuddering. "I missed my way, and coming on the outside of this tower in the dark, fell down—a year ago?"

"Nine years ago!" replied the figures.

As they gave the answer, they recalled their outstretched hands; and where their figures had been, there the bells were.

And they rang; their time being come again. And once again, vast multitudes of phantoms sprang into existence; once again, were incoherently engaged, as they had been before; once again, faded on the stopping of the chimes; and dwindled into nothing.

"What are these?" he asked his guide. "If I am not mad, what are these?"

"Spirits of the bells. Their sound upon the air, returned the child. "They take such shapes and occupations as the hopes and thoughts of mortals, and the recollections they have stored up, give them."

"And you," said Trotty wildly. "What are you?"

"Hush, hush!" returned the child. "Look here!"

In a poor, mean room, working at the same kind of embroidery which he had often, often, seen before her, Meg, his own dear daughter, was present to his view. He made no effort to imprint his kisses on her face; he did not strive to clasp her to his loving heart; he knew that she is living. Learn from her life, a living truth. Learn from the

breath, and brushed away the blinding tears, that he might look upon her; that he might only see her.

"Ah! Changed. Changed. The light of the clear eye, how dimmed. The bloom, how faded from the cheek. Beautiful she was, as she had ever been, but hope, hope, hope, oh, where was the fresh hope that had spoken to him like a voice?"

She looked up from her work, at a companion. Following her eyes, the old man started back.

In the woman grown, he recognised her at a glance. In the long silken hair, he saw the self-same curls; around the lips the child's expression lingered still. See! In the eyes, now turned inquiringly on Meg, there shone the very look that scanned those features when he brought her home!

Then what was this, beside him!

Looking with awe into its face, he saw a something reigning there—a lofty something, undefined and indistinct, which made it hardly more than a remembrance of that child, as yonder figure might be; yet it was the same—the same; and wore the dress.

Hark. They were speaking! "Meg," said Lillian, hesitating. "How often you raise your head from your work to look at me!"

"Are my looks so altered, that they irritate you?" asked Meg.

"Nay, dear! But you smile at that, yourself!" Why not smile, when you look at me, Meg?"

"I do so. Do I not?" she answered, smiling on her.

"Now you do," said Lillian, "but not usually. When you think I'm busy, and don't see you, you look so anxious and so doubtful, that I hardly like to raise my eyes. There is little cause for smiling in this hard and toilsome life, but you were once so cheerful."

"Am I not now?" cried Meg, speaking in a tone of strange alarm, and rising to embrace her. "Do I make our weary life weary to you, Lillian?"

"You have been the only thing that made it life," said Lillian, fervently kissing her; "sometimes the only thing that made me care to live so, Meg. Such work, such work! So many hours, so many days, so many long, long nights of hopeless, never-ending work—not to heap up riches, however coarse; but to earn bare bread; to scrape together just enough to toil upon, and want upon, and keep alive in us the consciousness of our hard fate! Oh, Meg, Meg!"

She raised her voice and twined her arms about her as she spoke, like one in pain. "How can the cruel world

go round, and bear to look upon such lives!"

"Lilly!" said Meg, soothing her, and putting back her hair from her wet face. "Why, Lilly! You! So pretty and so young!"

"Oh, Meg!" she interrupted, holding her at arm's length, and looking in her face imploringly. "The worst of all, the worst of all! Strike me old, Meg! Wither me and shrivel me, and free me from the dreadful thoughts that tempt me in my youth!"

Trotty turned to look upon his guide. But the spirit of the child had taken flight. Was gone.

Neither did he himself remain in the same place; for Sir Joseph Bowley, friend and father of the poor, held a great festivity at Bowley Hall, in honour of the natal day of Lady Bowley. And as Lady Bowley had been born on New Year's Day (which the local papers considered an especial pointing of the finger of Providence to number one, as Lady Bowley's destined figure in creation), it was on a New Year's Day that this festivity took place.

"Richard," moaned Trotty, roaming among the company to and fro, "where is he? I can't find Richard! Where is Richard?"

Not likely to be there, if still alive! But Trotty's grief and solitude confused him, and he still went wandering among the gallant company, looking for his guide, and saying, "Where is Richard? Show me Richard!"

He was wandering thus, when he encountered Mr. Fish, the confidential secretary—in great agitation.

"Bless my heart and soul!" cried Mr. Fish. "Where's Alderman Cut?"

Has anybody seen the alderman? Oh, dear! Who could ever help seeing the alderman? He was so considerate, so affable, he bore so much in mind the natural desire of folks to see him, that if he had a fault, it was the being constantly on view. And wherever the great people were, there to be sure, attracted by the kindred sympathy between great souls, was Cut.

Several voices cried that he was in the circle round Sir Joseph. Mr. Fish made way there; found him; and took him secretly into a window near at hand. Trotty joined them. Not of his own accord. He felt that his steps were led in that direction.

"My dear Alderman Cut," said Mr. Fish. "A little more this way. The most dreadful circumstance has occurred. I have this moment received the intelligence. I think it will be best not to acquaint Sir Joseph with it till the day is over. You understand Sir Joseph, and will give me your opinion. The most frightful and deplorable event!"

"Fish!" returned the alderman. "Fish! My good fellow, what is the matter? Nothing revolutionary, I hope! No—no attempted interference with the magistrates?"

Deedles, the banker, gasped the secretary. "Deedles Brothers—who

was to have been here to-day—high in office in the Goldsmith's Company—"

"Not stopped!" exclaimed the alderman. "It can't be!"

"Shot himself."

"Good God!"

"Put a double-barrelled pistol to his mouth, in his own counting house," said Mr. Fish, "and blew his brains out. No motive. Princely circumstances!"

"Circumstances!" exclaimed the alderman. "A man of noble fortune: one of the most respectable of men. Suicide, Mr. Fish! By his own hand!"

"This very morning," returned Mr. Fish.

"Oh, the brain, the brain!" exclaimed the plump alderman, lifting up his hands. "Oh, the nerves, the nerves; the mysteries of this machine called man! Oh, the little that unites it: poor creatures that we are! Perhaps the conduct of his son, who I have heard, ran very wild, and was in the habit of drawing bills upon him without the least authority! A most respectable man. One of the most respectable men I ever knew! A lamentable instance, Mr. Fish. A public calamity, I shall make a point of wearing the deepest mourning. A most respectable man! But there is One above. We must submit, Mr. Fish. We must submit!"

What alderman! No word of putting down? Remember, justice, your high moral boast and pride. Come, alderman! Balance those scales. Throw me into this, the empty one, no dinner, and Nature's founts in some poor woman, dried by starving misery and rendered obdurate to claims for which offspring has authority in hasty mother Eve. Weigh me the two, you Daniel, going to judgment, when your day shall come! Weigh them, in the eyes of suffering thousands, audience (not unmindful) of the grim farce you play. Or supposing that you strayed from your five wits—it's not so far to go, but that it might be—and laid hands upon that throat of yours, warning your fellows (if you have a fellow) how they croak their comfortable wickedness to raving heads and stricken hearts. What then?

The words rose up in Trotty's breast, as if they had been spoken by some other voice within him. Alderman Cut pledged himself to Mr. Fish that he would assist him in breaking the melancholy catastrophe to Sir Joseph, when the day was over.

"Fish! My good fellow, what is the matter? Nothing revolutionary, I hope! No—no attempted interference with the magistrates?"

Deedles, the banker, gasped the secretary. "Deedles Brothers—who

"It's almost enough to make one think, if one didn't know better," said Alderman Cut, "that at times some motion of a capsizing nature was going on in things, which affected the general economy of the social fabric. Deedles Brothers!"

The skittle playing came off with immense success. Sir Joseph knocked the pins about quite skilfully; Master Bowley took an innings at a shorter distance also; and everybody said that now, when a baronet and the son of a baronet, played at skittles, the country was coming round again, as fast as it could come.

At its proper time, the banquet was served up. Trotty involuntarily repaired to the hall with the rest, for he felt himself conducted thither by some stronger impulse than his own free will. The sight was gay in the extreme; the ladies were very handsome; the visitors delighted, cheerful, and good-tempered. When the lower doors were opened, and the people flocked in, in their rustic dresses, the beauty of the spectacle was at its height; but Trotty only murmured more and more. "Where is Richard? He should help and comfort her! I can't see Richard!"

There had been some speeches made; and Lady Bowley's health had been proposed; and Sir Joseph Bowley had returned thanks, and had made his great speech, showing by various pieces of evidence that he was the born friend and father, and so forth; and had given as a toast, his friends and children, and the dignity of labour; when a slight disturbance at the bottom of the hall attracted Toby's notice. After some confusion, noise, and opposition, one man broke through the rest, and stood forward by himself.

Not Richard. No. But one whom he had thought of, and had looked for, many times. In a scanty supply of light, he might have doubted the identity of that worn man, so old, and gray, and bent; but with a blaze of lamps upon his gnarled and knotted head, he knew Will Fern, as soon as he stepped forth.

"What is this?" exclaimed Sir Joseph, rising. "Who gave this man admittance? This is a criminal from prison! Mr. Fish, sir, will you have the goodness—"

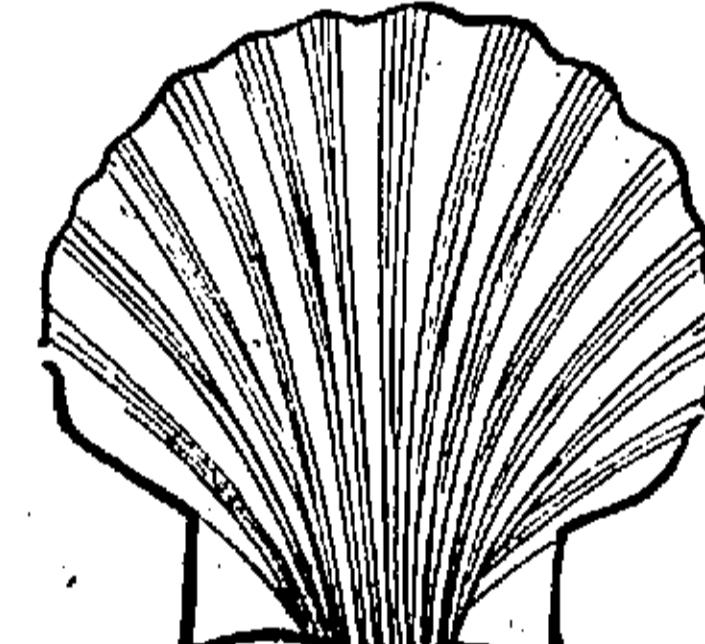
"A minute!" said Will Fern. "A minute! My lady, you was born on this day along with a new year. Get me a minute's leave to speak."

She made some intercession for him. Sir Joseph took his seat again, with native dignity.

The ragged visitor—for he was miserably dressed—looked round upon the company, and made his homage to them with a humble bow.

(Continued on Page 20.)

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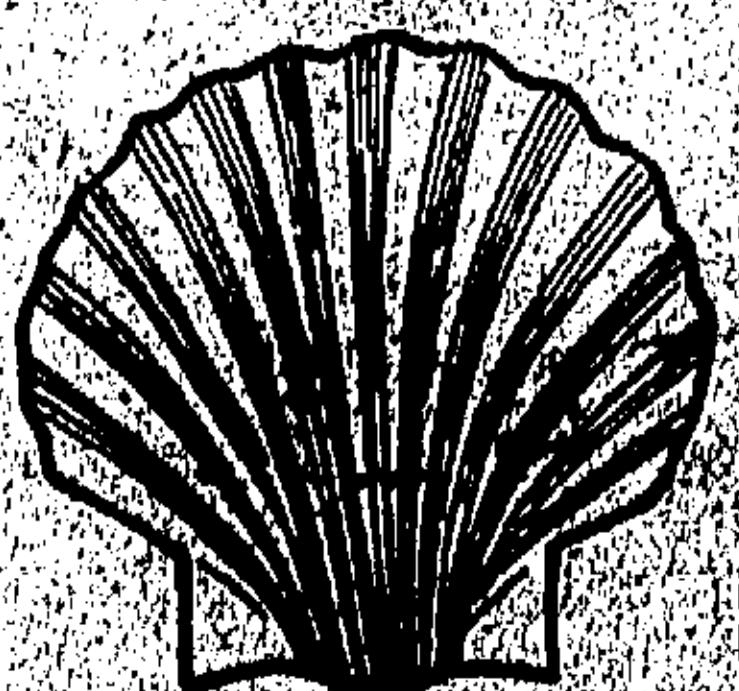
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"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 18.)

"Gentlefolks!" he said. "You've drunk the labourer. Look at me!"

"Just come from jail," said Mr. Fish.

"Just come from jail," said Will.

"And neither for the first time, nor

the second, nor the third, nor yet the

fourth."

Mr. Fish was heard to remark

testily, that four times was over the

average; and he ought to be ashamed

of himself.

"Gentlefolks!" repeated Will Fern.

"Look at me! You see I'm at the

worst. Beyond all hurt or harm;

beyond your help; for the time

when your kind words or kind actions

could have done me good"—he struck

his hand upon his breast, and shook

his head—"is gone with the scent

of last year's beans or clover on the

air. Let me say a word for these,"

pointing to the labouring people in

the hall; "and when you're met

together, hear the real truth spoke

out for once."

"There's not a man here," said the

host, "who would have him for a

spokesman."

"Like enough, Sir Joseph. I

believe it. Not the less true,

perhaps, is what I say. Perhaps

that's a proof on it. Gentle-

folks, I've lived many a year in this

place. You may see the cottage from

the sunken fence over yonder. I've seen

the ladies draw it in their books,

a hundred times. It looks well in a

pictor, I've heard say; but there ain't

weather in pictors, and maybe tis

sitter for that, than for a place to live

in. Well! I lived there. How hard

—how bitter hard, I lived there, I

won't say. Any day in the year, and

every day, you can judge for your

own selves."

He spoke as he had spoken on the

night when Trotty found him in the

street. His voice was deeper and

more husky, and had a trembling in

it now and then; but he never raised

it, passionately, and seldom lifted it;

above the firm stern level of the

homely facts he stated.

"Tis harder than you think for,

gentlefolks, to grow up decent, com-

monly decent, in such a place. That

I grew up a man and not a brute,

says something for me—a I was

then. As I am now, there's nothing

can be said for me or done for me,

I'm past it."

"I am glad this man has entered,"

observed Sir Joseph, looking round

serenely. "Don't disturb him. It

appears to be ordained. He is an

example; a living example. I

hope and trust, and confidently ex-

pect, that it will not be lost upon my friends here."

"I dragged on," said Fern, after a moment's silence, "somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how; but so heavy, that I couldn't put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at Sessions—when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'He's suspicious. I has to my doubts, says you, about Will Fern. Watch that fellow! I don't say, gentlemen, it ain't quite natural, but I say 'us' so; and from that hour, whatever Will Fern does, or lets alone—all one—it goes against him."

Alderman Cutt stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets, and leaning back in his chair, and smiling, winked at a neighbouring chandelier. As much as to say, "Of course! I told you so. The common-cry! Lord bless you, we are up to all this sort of thing—myself and human nature."

"Now, gentlemen," said Will Fern, holding out his hands, and flushing for an instant in his haggard face. "See how your laws are made to trap to this. I tries when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere. And I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a-hunting in your woods, and breaks—who don't—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers

set me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'ral angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I cuts a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or a turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty mile away; and coming back I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me anywhere, a-doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and a jail-bird known; and jail's the only home he's got."

The alderman nodded sagaciously, as you would say "A very good home too!"

"Do I say this to serve my cause!"

"Who can give me back my liberty, who can give me back my good name, who can give me back my good name? Not all the lords and ladies in wide England. But gentlemen, gentlemen, dealing with other men like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we're a-lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're a-working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a-going wrong; and don't set jail, jail, jail, before us, everywhere we turn. There ain't a condescension

you can show the labourer then, that that we won't take, as ready and as grateful as man can be; for he has a patient, peaceful, willing heart. But you must put his spirit in him first; for, whether he's a wreck and ruin such as me, or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlemen, bring it back! Bring it back, afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to him to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in jail: "Whither thou goest, I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do. Not lodge; thy people are Not my people; nor let thy God!"

A sudden stir and agitation took place in the hall. Trotty thought at first that several had risen to eject the man; and hence this change in its appearance. But another moment showed him that the room and all the company had vanished from his sight, and that his daughter was again before him, seated at her work. But in a poorer, meaner garret than before; and with no Lilian by her side.

The frame at which she had worked was put away upon a shelf and covered up. The chair in which she had sat was turned against the wall. A history written in these little things, and in Meg's grief-worn face. Oh! who could fail to read it!

Meg strained her eyes upon her work until it was too dark to see the threads; and when the night closed in, she lighted her feeble candle and worked on. Still her old father was invisible about her; looking down upon her; loving her—how dearly loving her!—and talking to her in a tender voice about the old times, and the bells. Though he knew poor Trotty—though he knew she could not hear him.

A great part of the evening had worn away, when, a knock came at her door. She opened it. A man was on the threshold. A slouching, moody, drunken, sloven, wasted by intemperance and vice, and with his matted hair and unshorn beard in wild disorder; but, with some traces on him, too, of having been a man of good proportion and good features in his youth.

He stopped until he had her leave to enter; and she, retiring a pace or two from the open door, silently and sorrowfully looked upon him. Trotty had his wish. He saw Richard.

"May I come in, Margaret?"

"Yes! Come in. Come in!"

It was well that Trotty knew him before he spoke; for with any doubt remaining on his mind, the harsh, discordant voice would have persuaded

ed him that it was not Richard but some other man.

There were but two chairs in the room. She gave him hers, and stood at some short distance from him, waiting to hear what he had to say. He sat, however, staring vacantly at the floor, with a listless and stupid smile. A spectacle of such deep degradation, of such abject hopelessness; of such a miserable downfall, that she put her hands before her face and turned away, lest he should see how much it moved her.

"You saw her!" exclaimed Meg. "You saw her! Oh, Lilian, my sweet girl! Oh, Lilian, Lilian!"

"I saw her, he went on to say, not answering, but engaged in the same slow pursuit of his own thoughts. "There she stood, trembling! How does she look, Richard? Does she ever speak of me? Is she thinner? My old place at the table what's in my old place? And the frame she taught me our old work on—has she burned it, Richard?"

There she was. I heard her say it."

Meg checked her sobs, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, bent over him to listen; not to lose a breath.

With his arms resting on his knees, and stooping forward in his chair, as if what he said were written on the ground in some half-legible character, which it was his occupation to decipher and connect, he went on.

"Richard, I have fallen very low; and you may guess how much I have suffered in having this sent back, when I can bear to bring it in my hand to you. But you loved her, once, even in my memory, dearly. Others stepped in between you; fears, and jealousies, and doubts, and vanities, estranged you from her; but you did love her, even in my memory! I suppose I did,"

"Twenty times again," said Richard. "Margaret, she haunts me. She comes behind me in the street, and thrusts it in my hand. I hear her foot upon the ashes when I'm at my work (ha, ha! that ain't often), and before I can turn my head, her voice is in my ear, saying, 'Richard, don't look round. For Heaven's love, give her this!' She brings it where I live; she sends it letters; she taps at the window and lays it on the sill. What can I do? Look at it!"

He held out in his hand a little purse, and chinked the money it contained.

"Hide it," said Meg. "Hide it! When she comes again, tell her, Richard, that I love her in my soul. That I never lie down to sleep, but I bless her, and pray for her. That, in my solitary work, I never cease to have her in my thoughts. That she is with me, night and day. That if

she won't take it Margaret?"

"Ah! Kiss my lips, Meg; fold your arms about me; press me to your bosom; look kindly on me; let me see the last of your dear face upon my knees!"

O youth and beauty, happy as you should be, look at this! O youth and beauty, working out the ends of your beneficent Creator, look at this!

"Forgive me, Meg! So dear, so dear! Forgive me! I know you do; I see you do; but say so, Meg!"

She said so, with her lips on Lilian's cheek. And with her arms twined

round—she knew it now—a broken heart.

"His blessing on you, dearest love.

Kiss me once more! He suffered her

to sit beside his feet, and dry them

with her hair. Oh, Meg, what mercy

and compassion!"

As she died, the spirit of the child returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away.

FOURTH QUARTER.

SOME new remembrance, of the ghostly figures in the bells; some faint impression of the ringing of the chimes; some giddy consciousness of having seen the swarm of phantoms reproduced and reproduced until the recollection of them lost itself in the confusion of their numbers; some hurried knowledge, how conveyed to him he knew not, that more years had passed; and Trotty, with the spirit of the child attending him, stood looking on at mortal company.

Fat company, rosy-cheeked company, comfortable company. They were but two, but they were red enough for ten. They sat before a bright fire, with a small low table between them; and unless the fragrance of hot tea and muffins lingered longer in that room than in most others, the table had seen service very lately. But all the cups and saucers being clean, and in their proper places in the corner cupboard; and the brass toasting-fork hanging in its usual nook, and spreading its four idle fingers out, as if it wanted to be measured for a glove; there remained no other visible tokens of the meal just finished, than such as purred and washed their whiskers in the person of the basking cat, and glistened in the gracious, not to say the greasy, faces of her patrons:

This cosy couple (married, evidently) had made a fair division of the fire between them, and sat looking at the glowing sparks that dropped into the grate; now nodding off into a doze; now waking up again when some hot fragment, larger than the rest, came rattling down, as if the fire were coming with it.

It was in no danger of sudden extinction, however; for it gleamed not only in the little room, and on the panes of window-glass in the door, and on the curtain half drawn across them, but in the little shop beyond. A little shop, quite crammed and choked with the abundance of its stock; a perfectly voracious little shop, with a maw as accommodating and full as any shark's. Cheese, butter, firewood, soap, pickles, matches, bacon, table-beer, pegtops, sweetmeats, boys' kites, bird-seed, cold ham, birch, brooms, (Continued on Page 22.)

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GIFTS FOR LADIES
THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE

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SHOE BUCKLES



I died to-morrow, I would remember her with my last breath. But that I cannot look upon it!"

He slowly recalled his hand, and, crushing the purse together, said, with a kind of drowsy thoughtfulness—

"I told her so, I told her so, as plain as words could speak. I've taken this gift back and left it at her door, a dozen times since then. But when she came at last, and stood before me, face to face, what could I do?"

"You saw her! exclaimed Meg.

"You saw her! Oh, Lilian, my sweet girl! Oh, Lilian, Lilian!"

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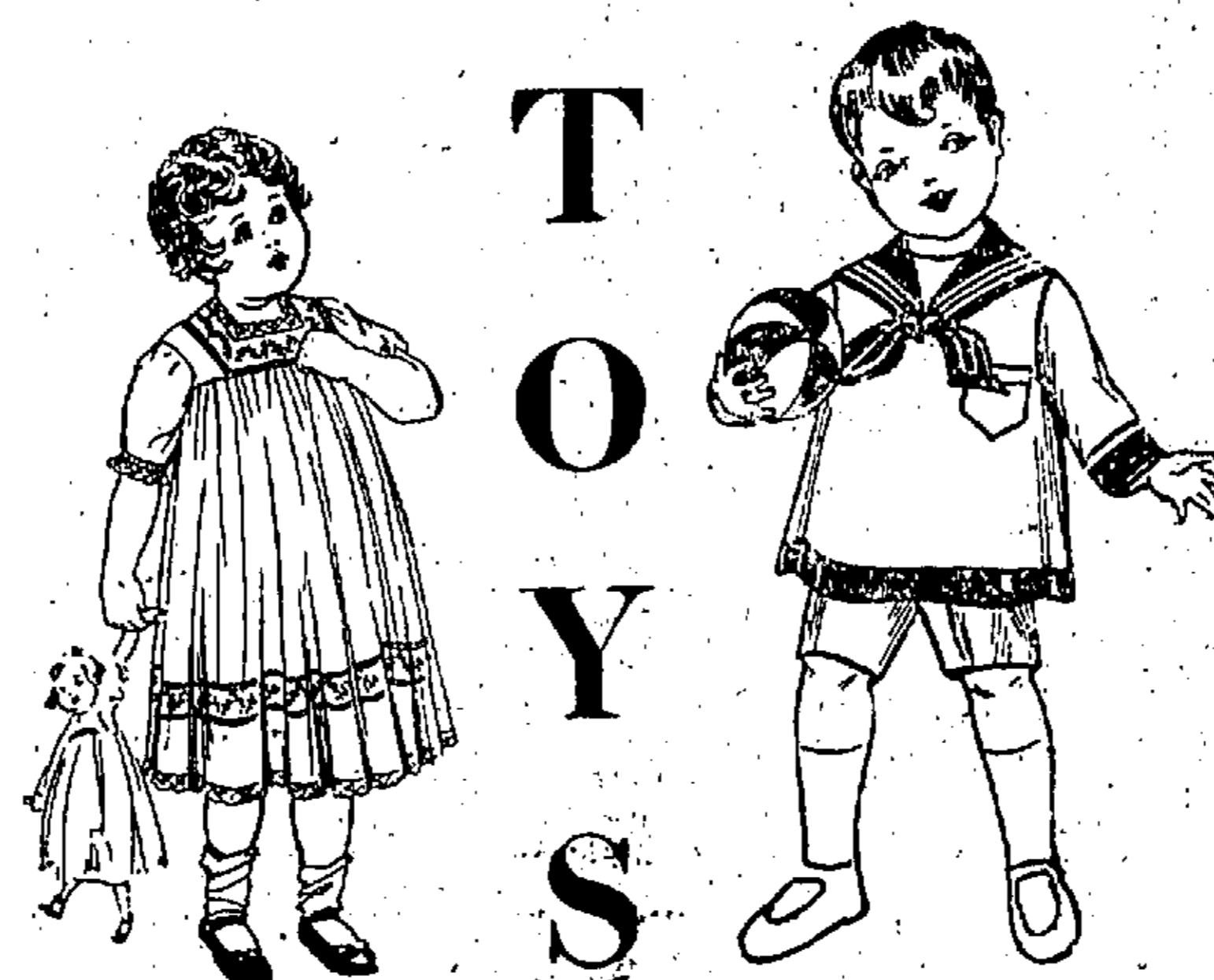
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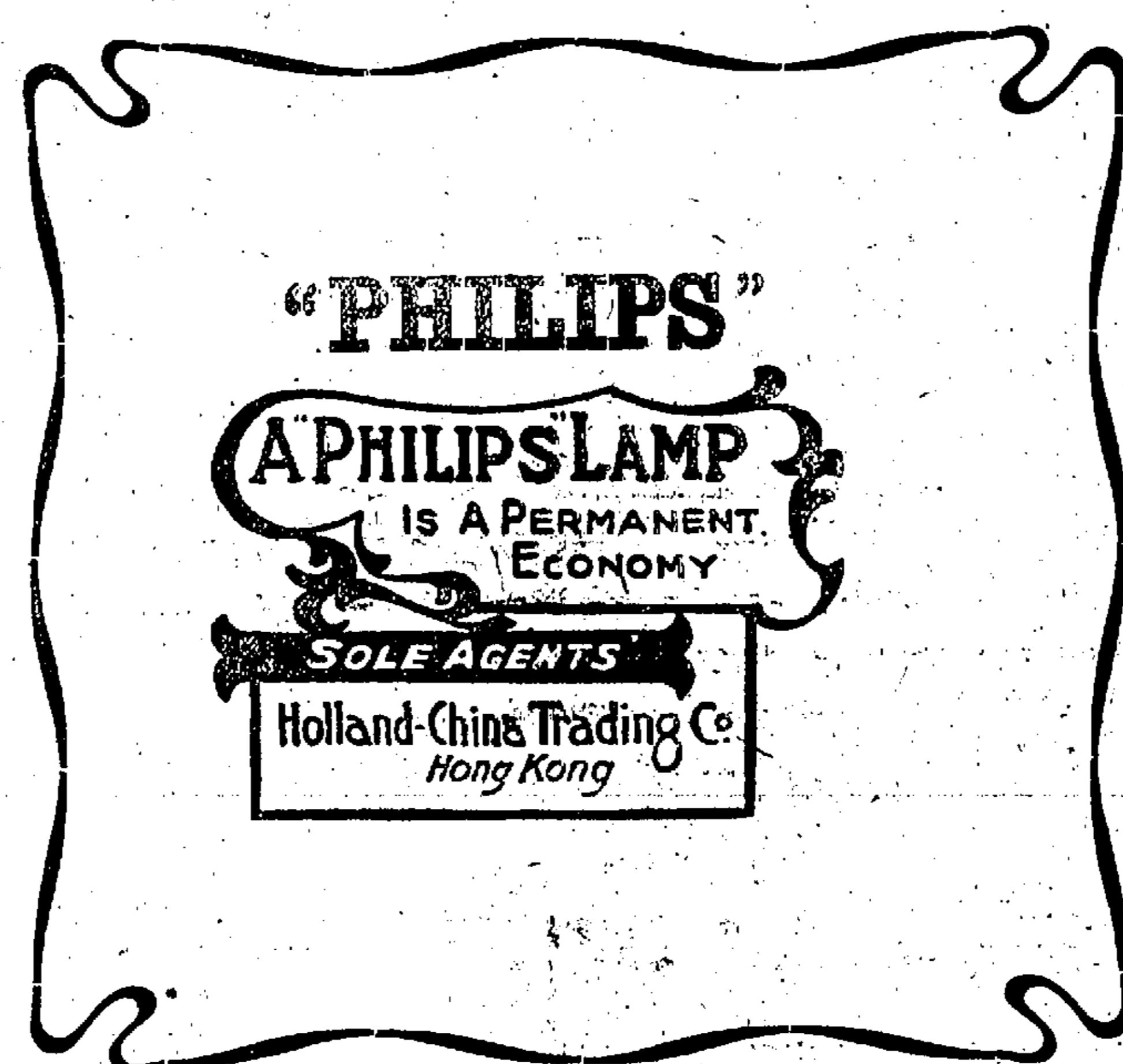
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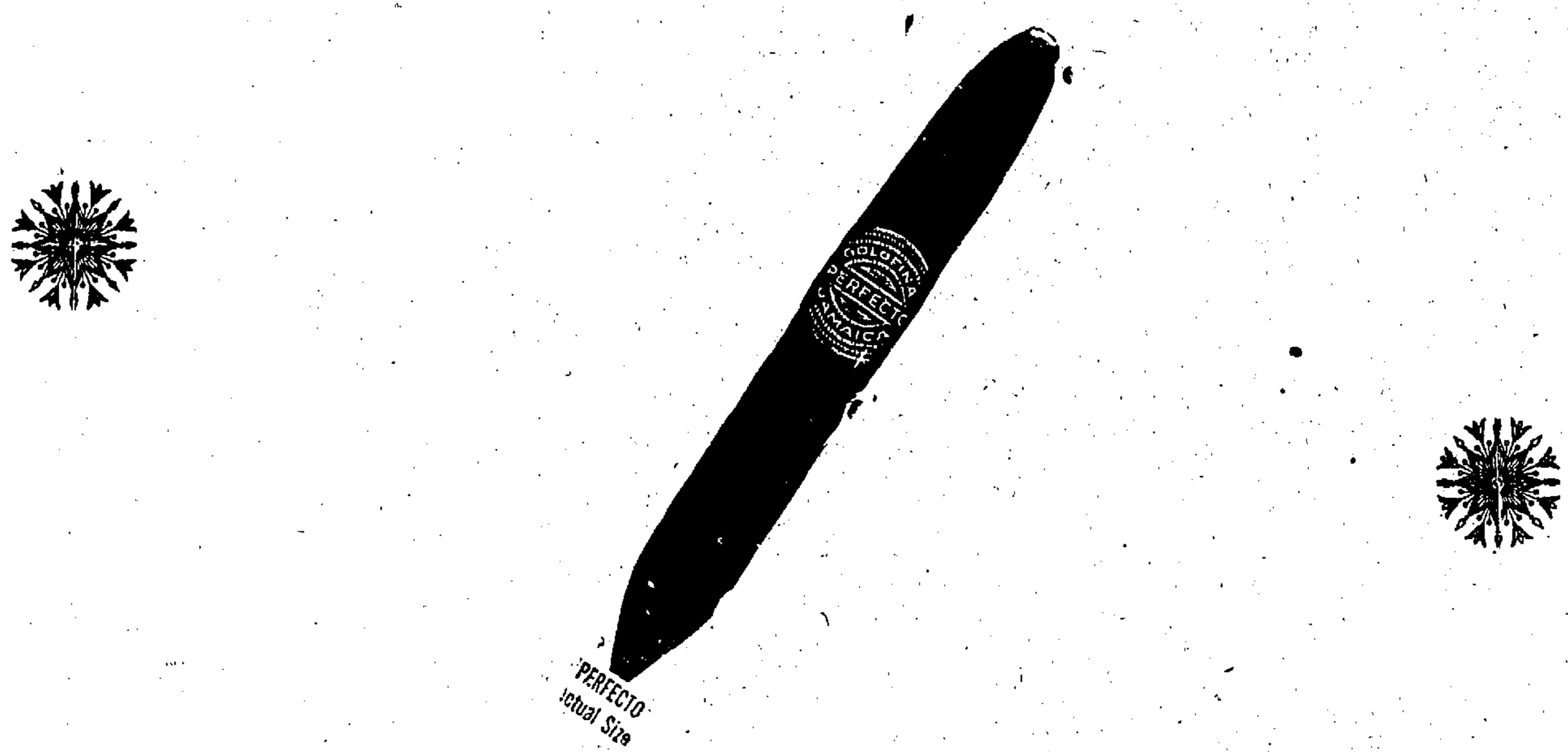
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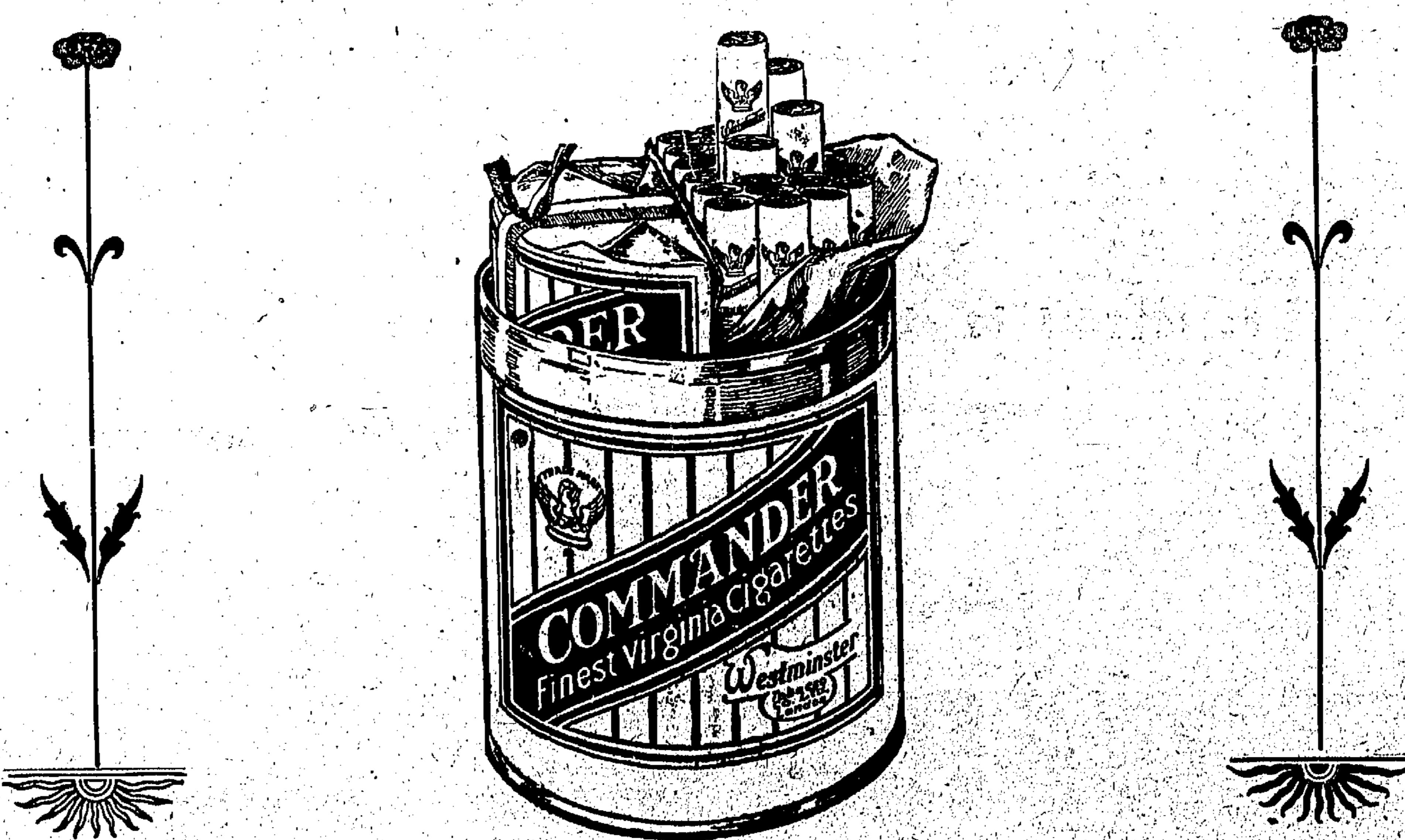
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*RABIA MARU.....Monday, 2nd Jan.

(omit Shanghai).

NEW YORK. Via PANAMA.

HAGUE MARU.....Middle of January.

NEW ORLEANS. Via SUEZ.

JAPAN PORTS—Kobe & Yokohama via Shanghai.

HIMALAYA MARU.....Thursday, 29th Dec.

KELULU via SWATOW & AMOY—These steamers have excellent accommodation for 1st and 2nd class saloon passengers and will arrive at and depart from the U.S.A. wharf near the Harbour Office.

KALIO MARU.....Sunday, 11th Dec.

NAKAO via SWATOW and AMOY.

THURSDAY, 15th Dec.

For sailing dates and further particulars please apply to:

Y. YASUDA, Manager.

Tel. No. 744 and 745

No. 1, Queen's Building.

For freight and particulars apply to:

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THE ADMIRAL LINE,

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FOR	STEAMERS	TO SAIL
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SWATOW, SHANGHAI AND PUKOW	MAN	Dec. 11, at D'light.
HAMPONG	HOKOW	Dec. 11, at 10 a.m.
SWATOW & SINGAPORE	KWEIYANG	Dec. 11, at 4 p.m.
PACHOI & HAMPONG	KAITONG	Dec. 12, at 10 a.m.
SWATOW AND BANGKOK	CHIUSAN	Dec. 13, at 10 a.m.
SHANGHAI	SHIYANG	Dec. 13, at Noon
MANILA, CEBU AND ILOILO	SINHEIANG	Dec. 15, at Noon
SHANGHAI AND TSINGTAO	TAMING	Dec. 16, at Noon
SWATOW, SHANGHAI AND PUKOW	SUNNING	Dec. 17, at 4 p.m.
SHANGHAI LINE—PASSENGER MAIL	CHIEN	Dec. 18, at D'light.
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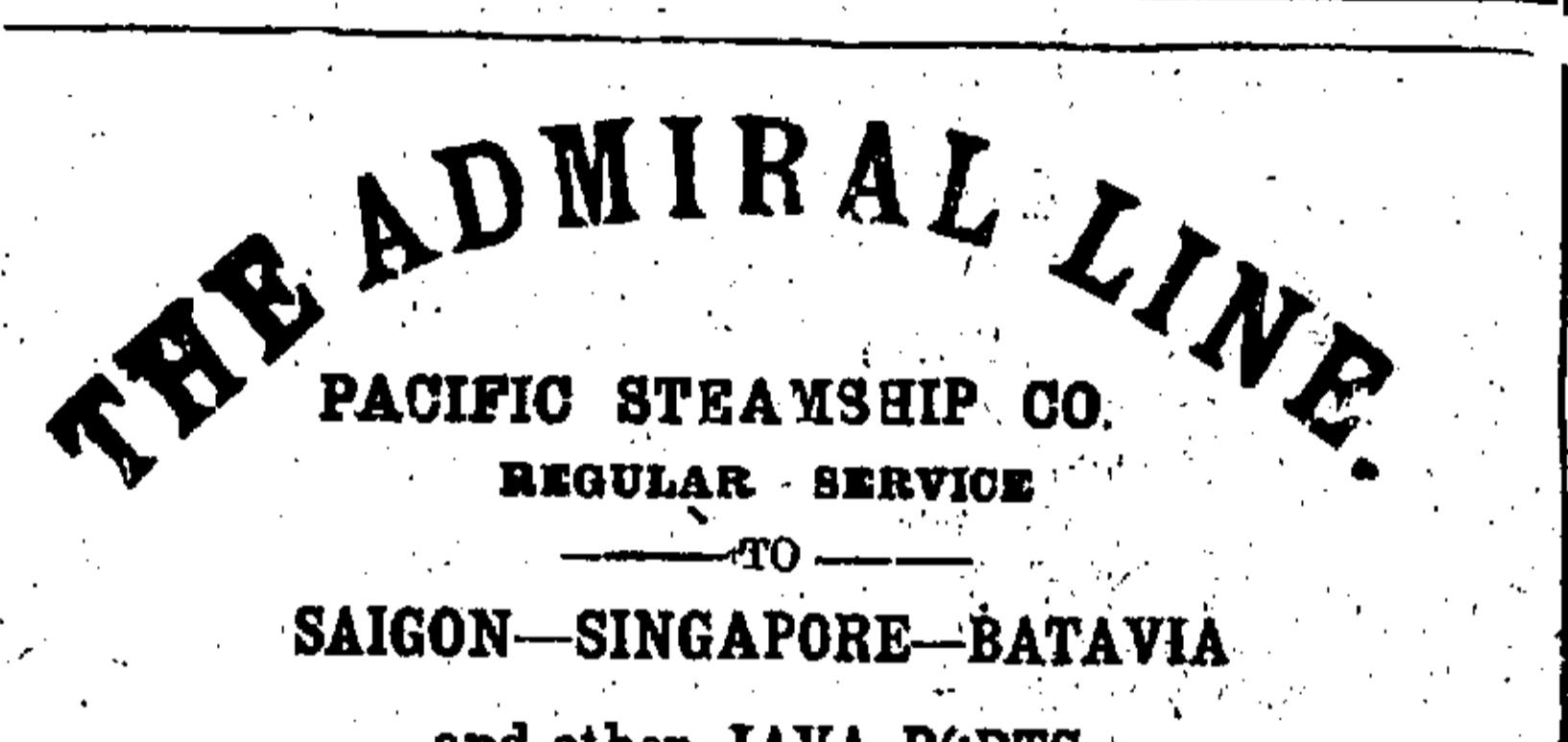
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S.S. "SILVER STATE".....	Dec. 26th.
S.S. "PINETREE STATE".....	Jan. 3rd.
S.S. "KEYSTONE STATE".....	Dec. 1st... Dec. 30th.
S.S. "SILVER STATE".....	Dec. 30th... Jan. 10th.
S.S. "PINETREE STATE".....	Jan. 14th... Feb. 3rd.

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S.S. "MACASSAR MARU"....Sailing on or about 5th Jan.

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S.S. "SAMARANG MARU"....Sailing on or about 24th Dec.

S.S. "BORNEO MARU"....Sailing on or about 13th Jan.

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S. S.	Tons	From Hongkong (about)	Destination
"SOMALI"	6,700	10th Dec. at 11 a.m.	Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Marseilles
"DUNERA"	5,200	23rd Dec.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay
"NELLORE"	7,000	24th Dec.	Marseilles, London & A'werp
"DONGOLA"	8,000	7th Jan. 1922	Marseilles, London & A'werp
"DILWARA"	5,200	10th Jan.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay
"EGYPT"	7,941	18th Jan.	B'bay, M'la, E'don, & A'werp
"KASHMIR"	6,841	21st Jan.	Marseilles, London & A'werp
"NAGOYA"	6,854	18th Feb.	do.
"KASHGAR"	8,840	4th Mar.	do.
"SICILIA"	6,700	14th Mar.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay
"KHIVA"	9,017	18th Mar.	Marseilles, London & A'werp
"DEVANHA"	8,092	1st Apr.	do.
"NOVARA"	6,860	15th Apr.	do.
"KALYAN"	8,887	29th Apr.	do.
"PLASSY"	7,346	13th May	do.
"DONGOLA"	8,000	27th May	do.

BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS (South)

S. S.	Tons	From Hongkong (about)	Destination
"TANDA"	7,000	17th Dec.	Singapore, Penang, Rangoon and Calcutta.

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South)

S. S.	Tons	From Hongkong (about)	Destination
"EASTERN"	4,000	12th Dec. at 5 p.m.	Manila, Thursday Island, Cairns, Townsville, Brisbane, Sydney & Melbourne.
"ARAFURA"	6,000	9th Jan. 4th Feb.	Shanghai and Japan.
"ST. ALBANS"	4,600		Yokohama direct.

SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI & JAPAN

S. S.	Tons	From Hongkong (about)	Destination
"DUNERA"	5,200	13th Dec. at 10 a.m.	Shanghai only.
"DONGOLA"	8,000	14th Dec.	Shanghai and Japan.
"AKAFURA"	6,000	20th Dec.	Yokohama direct.

All dates are approximate and subject to alteration without notice.

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VICTORIA, SEATTLE & VANCOUVER via Shanghai & Japan ports. Through bills of lading issued to all Overland Common Points in U.S.A. and Canada.

KASHIMA MARU Tuesday, 27th Dec. at 11 a.m.
SUWA MARU (calling Manila) Saturday, 14th Jan. at 11 a.m.
FUSHIMI MARU Wednesday, 8th Feb. at 11 a.m.

MARSEILLES, LONDON & ANTWERP via Singapore, Malacca, Penang, Colombo, Suez & Port Said.

YOKOHAMA MARU Friday, 23rd Dec. at 11 a.m.
YOSHINO MARU Friday, 6th Jan. at 11 a.m.

HAMBURG via LONDON & ROTTERDAM.

LIVERPOOL via MARSEILLES.

KAMAKURA MARU Tuesday, 13th December.

SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila, Zamboung, Thursday Island, Townsville & Brisbane.

TANGO MARU Tuesday, 20th Dec. at 11 a.m.
NIKKO MARU Tuesday, 17th Jan. at 11 a.m.

NEW YORK via PANAMA & CUBAN PORTS.

TOBA MARU Friday, 30th Dec.

NEW YORK via Suez.

TSUYAMA MARU Monday, 2nd January.

RIO DE JANEIRO, SANTOS & BUENOS AIRES via Cuape.

BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang & Colombo.

AWA MARU Sunday, 18th Dec.

CALCUTTA via Singapore Penang & Rangoon.

TSUSHIMA MARU Saturday, 10th Dec.

YEDO SHI MARU Saturday, 24th Dec.

NAGASAKI, KOBE & YOKOHAMA.

NIKKO MARU Friday, 10th Dec. at 11 a.m.

SHANGHAI, KOBE & YOKOHAMA.

YAMAGATA MARU Wednesday, 14th Dec.

MISHIMA MARU Friday, 18th Dec. at 11 a.m.

SADO MARU Friday, 13th Dec. at 11 a.m.

For further information apply to—

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA

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Telephone Nos. 202 and 203.

"THE CHIMES"

(Continued from Page 28.)

She called to him; but he was gone. She sat down stupefied, until her infant roused her to a sense of hunger, cold, and darkness. She paced the room with it the live-long night, hushing it and soothing it; She said at intervals, "Like Lillian, when her mother died and left her!" Why was her step so quick, her eye so wild, her love so fierce and terrible, whenever she repeated those words?

"But it is love," said Trotty. "It is love. She'll never cease to love it, My poor Meg!"

She dressed the child next morning with unusual care—ah, vain expenditure of care upon such squalid robes!—and once more tried to find some means of life. It was the last day of the old year. She tried till night, and never broke her fast. She tried in vain.

She mingled with an abject crowd, who tarried in the snow, until it pleased some officer appointed to dispense the public charity (the lawful charity; not that once preached upon a Mount) to call them in, and question them, and say to this one, "Go to such a place," to that one, "Come next week"; to make a football of another wretch, and pass him here and there, from hand to hand, from house to house, until he wearied and lay down to die; or started up and robed, and so became a higher sort of criminal, whose claims allowed of no delay. Here, too, she failed.

She loved her child, and wished to have it lying on her breast. And that was quite enough.

It was night—a bleak, dark, cutting night—when, pressing the child close to her for warmth, she arrived outside the house she called her home. She was so faint and giddy that she saw no one standing in the doorway until she was close upon it, and about to enter. Then she recognised the master of the house, who had so disposed himself—with his person it was not difficult—as to fill up the whole entry.

"Oh!" he said softly. "You have come back?"

She looked at the child, and shook her head.

"Don't you think you have lived here long enough without paying any rent? Don't you think that, without any money, you've been a pretty constant customer at this shop, now?" said Mr. Tugby.

She repeated the same mute appeal.

"Suppose you try and deal somewhere else," he said. "And suppose you provide yourself with another lodgings. Come! Don't you think you could manage it?"

She said, in a low voice, that it was very late. To-morrow.

"Now I see what you want," said Tugby; "and what you mean. You know there are two parties in this house about you, and you delight in setting 'em by the ears. I don't want any quarrels; I'm speaking softly to avoid a quarrel; but if you don't go away, I'll speak out loud, and you shall cause words high enough to please you. But you shan't come in; that I am determined."

She put her hair back with her hand, and looked in a sudden manner at the sky, and the dark lowering distance.

"This is the last night of an old year, and I won't carry ill-blood and quarrellings and disturbances between man and wife, you'd be better out of it. Go along with you!"

"Follow her! To desperation!"

Again the old man heard the voices. Looking up, he saw the figures hovering in the air, and pointing where she went, down the dark street.

"She loves it!" he exclaimed, in agonized entreaty for her. "Chimes! She loves it still!"

"Follow her!" The shadows swept upon the track she had taken, like a cloud.

He joined in the pursuit; he kept close to her; he looked into her face. He saw the same fierce and terrible expression mingling with her love, and kindling in her eyes. He heard her say, "Like Lillian! To be changed like Lillian!" and her speed redoubled.

Oh, for something to awaken her! For any sight, or sound, or scent, to call up tender recollections in a brain on fire! For any gentle image of the past to rise before her!

"I was her father!" cried the old man, stretching out his hands to the dark shadows flying on above. "Have mercy on her, and on me! Where does she go? Turn her back! I was her father!"

But they only pointed to her, as she hurried on; and said, "To desperation! Learn it from the creature dearest to your heart!"

A hundred voices echoed it. The air was made of breath expended, in those words. He seemed to take them in, at every gasp he drew. They were everywhere, and not to be escaped. And still she hurried on; the same light in her eyes, the same words in her mouth, "Like Lillian! To be changed like Lillian!"

"All at once she stopped. "Now, turn her back!" I exclaimed. The old man, letting his white hair. "My child! Meg! Turn her back! Great Father, turn her back!"

(Continued on Page 30.)

NOTICES TO CONSIGNERS

THE BEN LINE STEAMERS, LIMITED.

From ANTWERP, MIDDLESBRO., LONDON AND STRAITS.

HE Steamship

"BENDORAN."

CONSIGNERS of Cargo are hereby informed that all Goods are being landed at their risk into the hazardous and/or extra hazardous Godowns of the Hongkong and Kowloon Wharf and Godown Co., Ltd., whence and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained.

The Steamship "DUNERA," Captain WALKER, carrying His Majesty's Mail, will be despatched from the Pott on or about FRIDAY, 23rd December, 1921, taking Passengers and Cargo for the above Ports.

Silk and Valuables, Tea for Italy, France and London (under arrangement) will be transhipped at Bombay into the Mail Steamer proceeding direct to Marseilles and London.

Parcels will be received at this Office until 3 P.M. the day before sailing. The contents and value of all packages are required.

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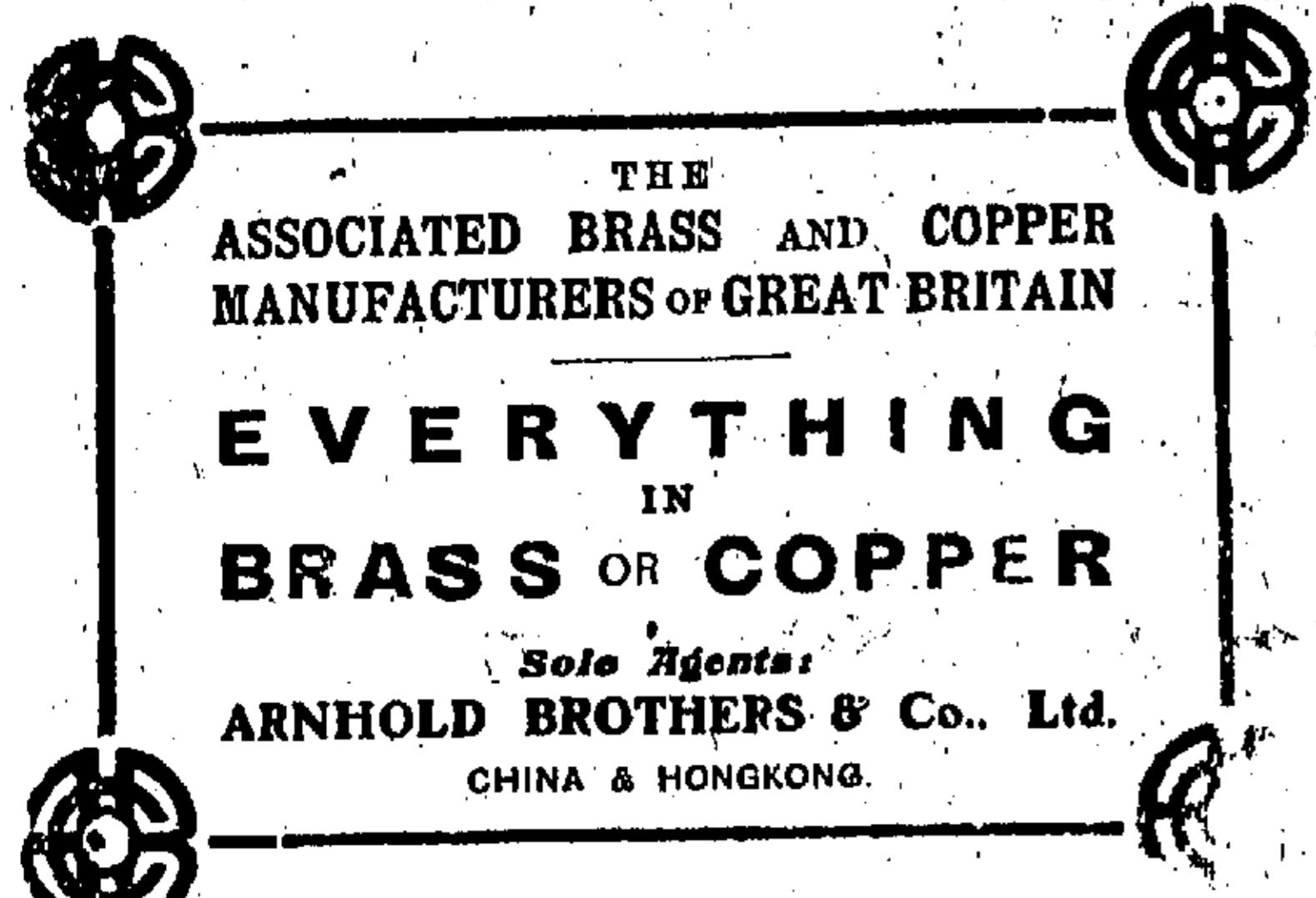
Hongkong, December 9, 1921.

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CURES ALL
SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES.



"THE CHIMES."

(Continued from Page 29.)

In her own scanty shawl, she wrapped the baby warm. With her fevered hands, she smothered its limbs, composed its face, arranged its mean attire. In her wasted arms she folded it, as though she never would resign it more. And with her dry lips, kissed it in a final pang, and last long agony of love.

Putting its tiny hand up to her neck, and holding it there, within her dress, next to her distracted heart, she set its sleeping face against her closely, steadily, against her—and sped onward to the river.

To the rolling river, swift and deep, where winter night at brooding like the last dark thoughts of many who had sought a refuge there, before her. Where scattered lights upon the banks gleam, and still, and dull, as torches that were burning there to show the way to death. Where no abode of living people cast its shadow on the deep, impenetrable, melancholy shade.

To the river! To that portal of eternity! her desperate footsteps rended with the swiftness of its rapid waters running to the sea. He tried to touch her as she passed him, going down to its dark level; but the wild, dismisered form, the fierce and terrible love, the desperation that had left all human check or hold behind, swept by him like "the wind."

He followed her. She paused a moment on the brink, before the dreadful plunge. He fell down on his knees, and in a shriek addressed the figures in the bells now hovering above them.

"I have learned it!" cried the old man. "From the creature dearest to my heart! Oh, save her, save her!"

He could wind his fingers in her dress; could hold it! As the world escaped his lips he felt his sense of touch return, and knew that he deserved her.

The figures looked down steadfastly upon him.

"I have learned it!" cried the old man. "Oh, have mercy on me in this hour, if in my love for her, I'm young and good, I slandered Nature in the breasts of mothers, rendered despotic! pity my presumption, wickedness, and ignorance, and save her!"

He felt his hold relaxing. They were silent still.

"Have mercy on her!" he exclaimed, "as one in whom this dreadful crime has sprung from love perverted; from the strongest, deepest love we fallen creatures know! Think what her misery must have been, when such seed bears such fruit! Heaven meant her to be good. There is no loving mother on the earth who might not come to this, if such a life had gone before. Oh, have mercy on me, child, who, even at this pass, means mercy to her own, and dies herself, and perils her immortal soul, to save it!"

She was in his arms. He held her now. His strength was like a giant's.

"I see the spirit of the chimes among you!" cried the old man, singling out the child, and speaking in some inspiration, which their looks conveyed to him. "I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by time. I know there is a sea of time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. I see it, on the slow! I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves, nor doubt the good in one another. I have learned it from the creature dearest to my heart. I clasp her in my arms again. O spirits, merciful and good, I take your lesson to my breast along with her! O spirits, merciful and good, I am grateful!"

He might have said more; but the bells, the old familiar bells, his own dear, constant, steady friends, the chimes, began to ring the joy-peals for a new year—so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gaily, that he leaped upon his feet, and broke the spell that bound him.

"And whatever you do, father," said Meg, "don't eat tripe again, without asking some doctor whether it's likely to agree with you; for how you have been going on, good gracious!"

She was working with her needle, at the little table by the fire; dressing her simple gown with ribbons for her wedding. So quietly happy, so blooming and youthful; so full of beautiful promise, that he uttered a great cry as if it were an angel in his house; then flew to clasp her in his arms. She deserved it!

But he caught his feet in the newspaper, which had fallen on the hearth, and somebody came rushing in between them.

"No!" cried the voice of this same somebody—a generous and jolly voice, it was! "Not even you. Not even you! The first kiss of Meg in the new year is mine, Mine! I have been waiting outside the house, this hour, to hear the bells and claim it. Meg, my precious prize, a happy year! A life of happy years, my darling wife!"

And Richard smothered her with kisses.

You never in all your life saw anything like Trotty after this. I don't care where you have lived or what you have seen; you never in all your life saw anything at all approaching him! He sat down in his chair and beat his knees and cried; he sat down in his chair and beat his knees and laughed; he sat down in his chair and beat his knees and laughed and cried together; he got out of his chair and hugged Meg; he got out of his chair and hugged Richard; he got out of his chair and hugged them both at once; he kept running up to Meg, and squeezing her fresh face between his hands and kissing it, going from her backwards not to lose sight of it, and running up again like a figure in a magic lantern; and whatever he did, he was constantly sitting himself down in his chair, and never stopping in it for one single moment; being—hat's the truth—he beside himself with joy.

"And to-morrow's your wedding-day, my dear, I had a little flip made, and brought it with me!"

Mrs. Chickenstalker's notion of a little flip did honour to her character.

The pitcher steamed and smoked and reeked like a volcano; and the man who had carried it was faint.

"Mrs. Tugby!" said Trotty, who had been going round and round her, in an ecstacy—"I should say, Chickenstalker! Bless your heart and soul! A Happy New Year, and many of 'em! Mrs. Tugby," said Trotty when he had saluted her—"I should say, Chickenstalker!—This is William Fern and Lillian."

The worthy dame, to his surprise, turned very pale and very red.

"Not Lillian, Fern whose mother died in Dorsetshire!" said she.

Her uncle answered "Yes," and meowing hastily, they exchanged some hurried words together; of which the pith was that Mrs. Chickenstalker shook him by both hands, saluted Trotty on his cheek again of her own free will; and took the child to her capacious breast.

"Will Fern!" said Trotty, pulling on his right-hand muffler. "Not the friend that you was hoping to find?"

"Ay!" returned Will, putting a hand on each of Trotty's shoulders. "And like to prove a'fore as good a friend, if that can be, as one I found."

"Oh!" said Trotty. "Please to play up there. Will you have the goodness?"

To the music of the band, the bells, the marrow-bones and cleavers, all at once; and while the chimes were yet in lusty operation out of doors; Trotty, making Meg and Richard second couple, led off Mrs. Chickenstalker down the dance, and danced it in a step unknown before or since; founded on his own peculiar trot.

Had Trotty dreamed? Or are his joys and sorrows, and the actors in them, but a dream; himself, a dream; the teller of this tale a dreamer, walking but now? If it be so, O listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide, and none too limited for such an end—endeavour to correct, improve and soften them! So may the new year be a happy one to you, happy to many more, whose happiness depends on you! So may each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share, in what our great Creator formed them to enjoy.

They were ready for a dance in half a second (Meg and Richard at the top); and the drum was on the very brink of leathering away with all his power; when a combination of prodigious sounds was heard outside, and a good humoured, comely woman of some fifty years of age, or thereabouts, came running in, attended by man bearing a stone pitched of terrible size, and closely followed by the marrow-bones and cleavers, and the bells; not the bells, but a portable collection, on a frame!

Trotty said: "It's Mrs. Chickenstalker"; and sat down and beat his knees again.

"Married, and not tell me, Meg!" cried the good woman. "Never! I couldn't rest on the last night of the old year without coming to wish you joy. I couldn't have done it, Meg. . . . Not if I had been bedridden. So here I am; and an it's New Year's Eve, and the eve of your wedding too, my dear, I had a little flip made, and brought it with me!"

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"Ay!" returned Will, putting a hand on each of Trotty's shoulders. "And like to prove a'fore as good a friend, if that can be, as one I found."

"Oh!" said Trotty. "Please to play up there. Will you have the goodness?"

To the music of the band, the bells, the marrow-bones and cleavers, all at once; and while the chimes were yet in lusty operation out of doors; Trotty, making Meg and Richard second couple, led off Mrs. Chickenstalker down the dance, and danced it in a step unknown before or since; founded on his own peculiar trot.

Had Trotty dreamed? Or are his joys and sorrows, and the actors in them, but a dream; himself, a dream; the teller of this tale a dreamer, walking but now? If it be so, O listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide, and none too limited for such an end—endeavour to correct, improve and soften them! So may the new year be a happy one to you, happy to many more, whose happiness depends on you! So may each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share, in what our great Creator formed them to enjoy.

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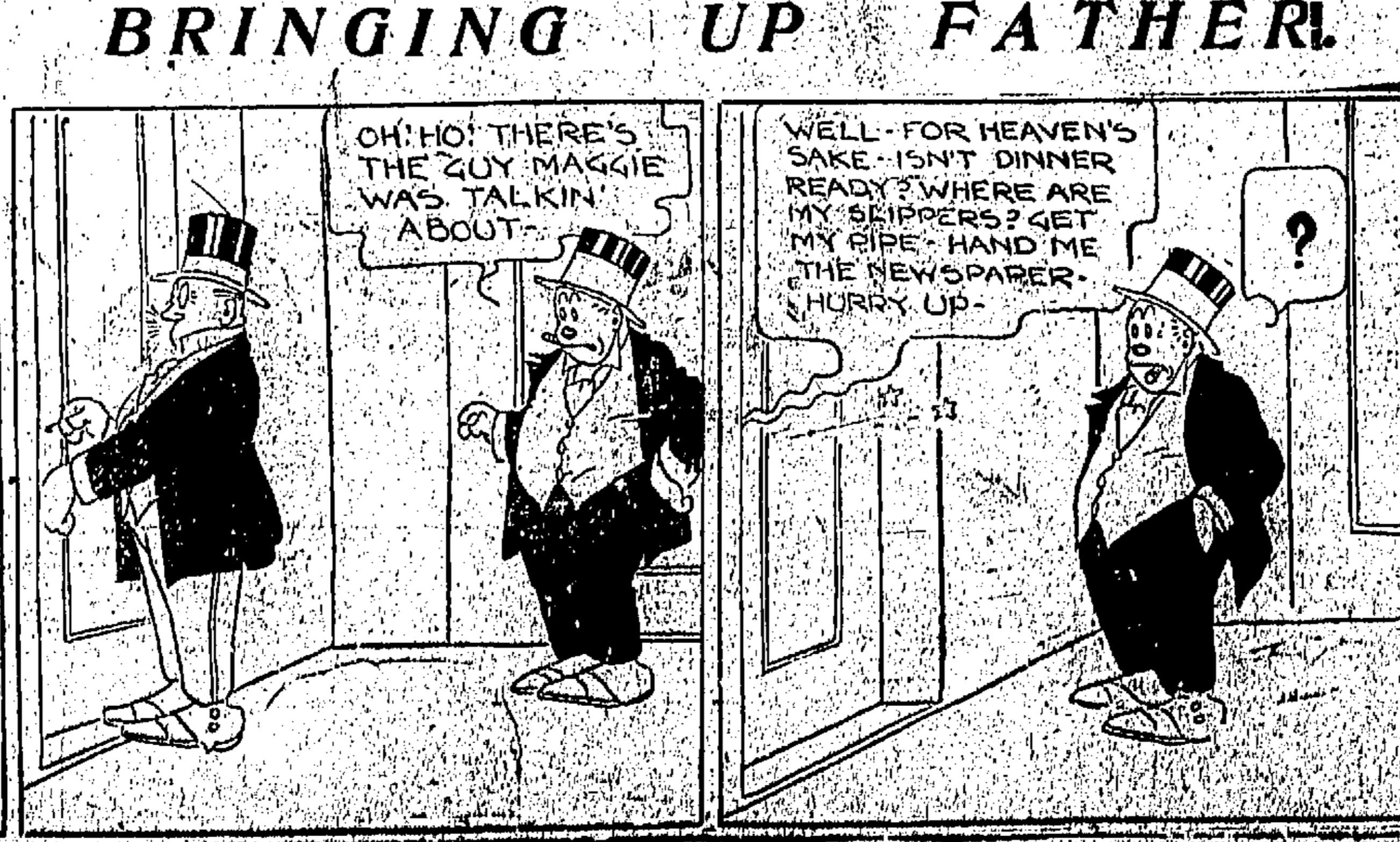
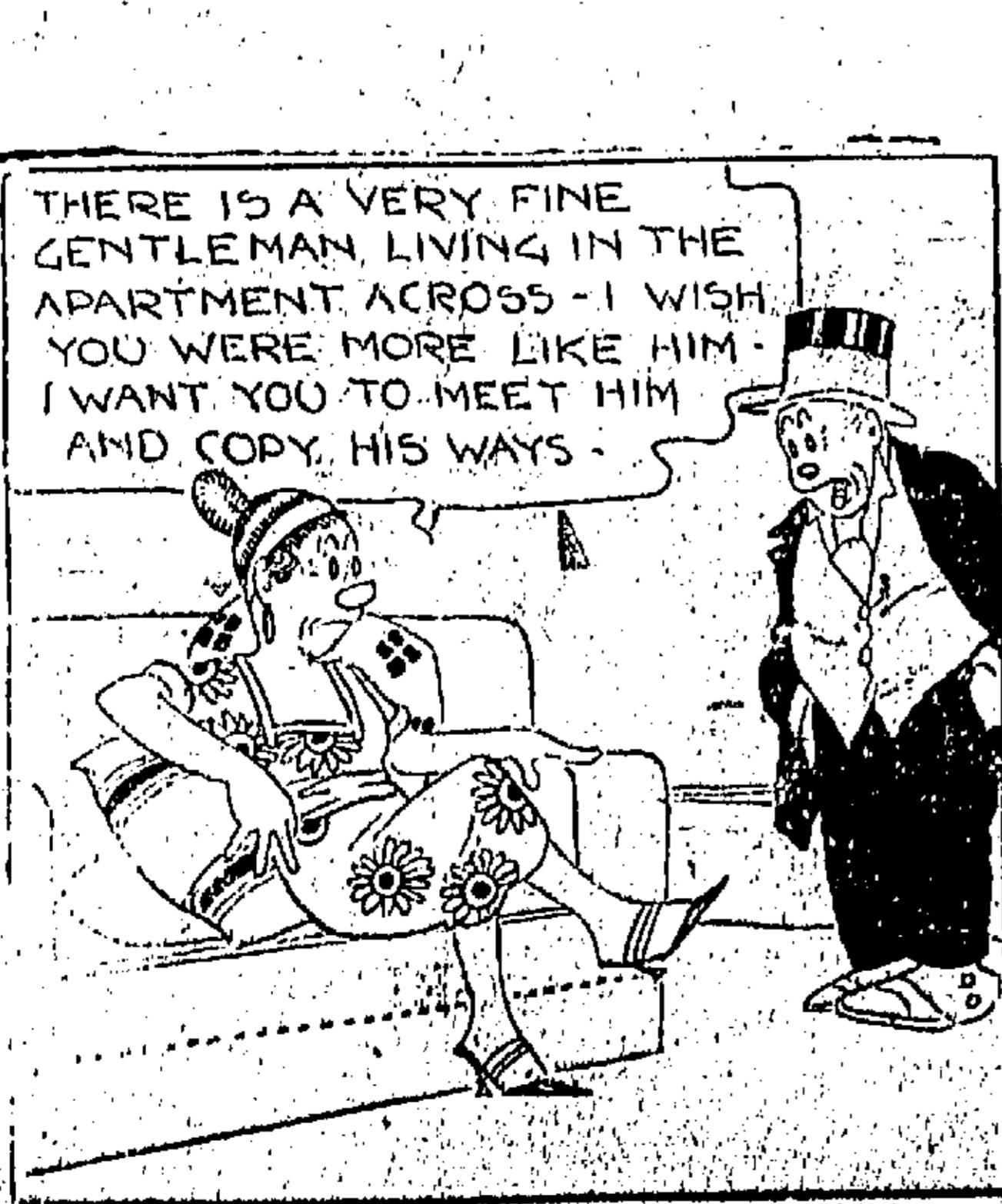
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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

My dear Children,
I wonder how many of you have been to a circus? This week I am telling you how Snip and Snop, the dogs, went to see one and what an adventurous time they had.

You loving
PETER PAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dulce d'Aquino. Thank you for your nice letter and I am glad that you liked the prize.

Gaston d'Aquino. You must be very busy preparing for your examination and I quite understand how it is that you have not sent the problems. I hope that you will pass successfully.

Jean Ho tung. I was very pleased to have your letter and am sure that your examinations will bring you success.

Parrin Ruttonee. Thank you too for your letter. I will remember about a competition for the big ones later on.

SNIP AND SNOP GO TO THE CIRCUS.

One day there was great excitement in the place in which Mary was living as there were posters all over the place, announcing that a circus was coming to the town.

"Will you take me, please Daddy?" begged Mary, who had never been to one before, and her father answered "Yes of course dear. We will all go."

Now Snip and Snop happened to be near by, playing with an old rubber ball and when they heard this they pricked up their ears.

"That means that we shall go too, doesn't it?" Snip asked Snop.

"I should think so," his brother replied, "When they say 'all' it must mean Mary and her father and mother and both of us and Snorium."

"I don't see how Snorium can go," said Snip, "Unless Mary carries her."

Snorium was only a tiny kitten and had never been away from home.

"Well we shall see," Snip added, "And we shall have to find out on what day we are going."

So they listened carefully to the conversation and soon discovered that Mary's father was arranging to take

tickets for the next day when the first performance took place.

The next day, however, Mary did not say anything to the dogs about going, which made them rather anxious in case they should be left behind and Snip suggested to Snop that they had better brush their hair and tails on their best red ribbons so as to be quite ready. They had just finished this when they heard Mary's mother calling, "Come along Mary or we shall be late" and they dashed through a doorway near by, closely followed by his brother. Through the door was the arena, a larger ring covered with sand, and hundreds of people were sitting round watching them.

"Oh dear!" panted Snop, "I wish that we hadn't come," and Snip was feeling very uncomfortable too when, much to his delight, he discovered Mary, sitting on the other side of the barrier which surrounded the arena. He gave a spring and landed in her lap and Snop followed after.

"You naughty dogs!" exclaimed Mary, "Didn't I tell you to stay at home?" but they both licked her hand and looked up in her face so pitifully begging to be forgiven that her father said, "If they will be very quiet they may stay Mary. They can sit on the empty chair next to you."

After this you may be sure that Snip and Snop were on their best behaviour. They hardly moved and watched the performance breathlessly so that when it was over Mary's father said, "They have been as good as gold. Perhaps it was rather hard luck on them to leave them behind."

Snip and Snop, who knew quite well that they should have stayed at home, were only too glad to be forgiven and walked sedately back again with Mary.

PETER PAN.

Why is a punctual man like the letter M?

Because he is always in time.

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